Week ending April 26 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Ian Henderson's story of his war on Mau Mau's most ruthless leader

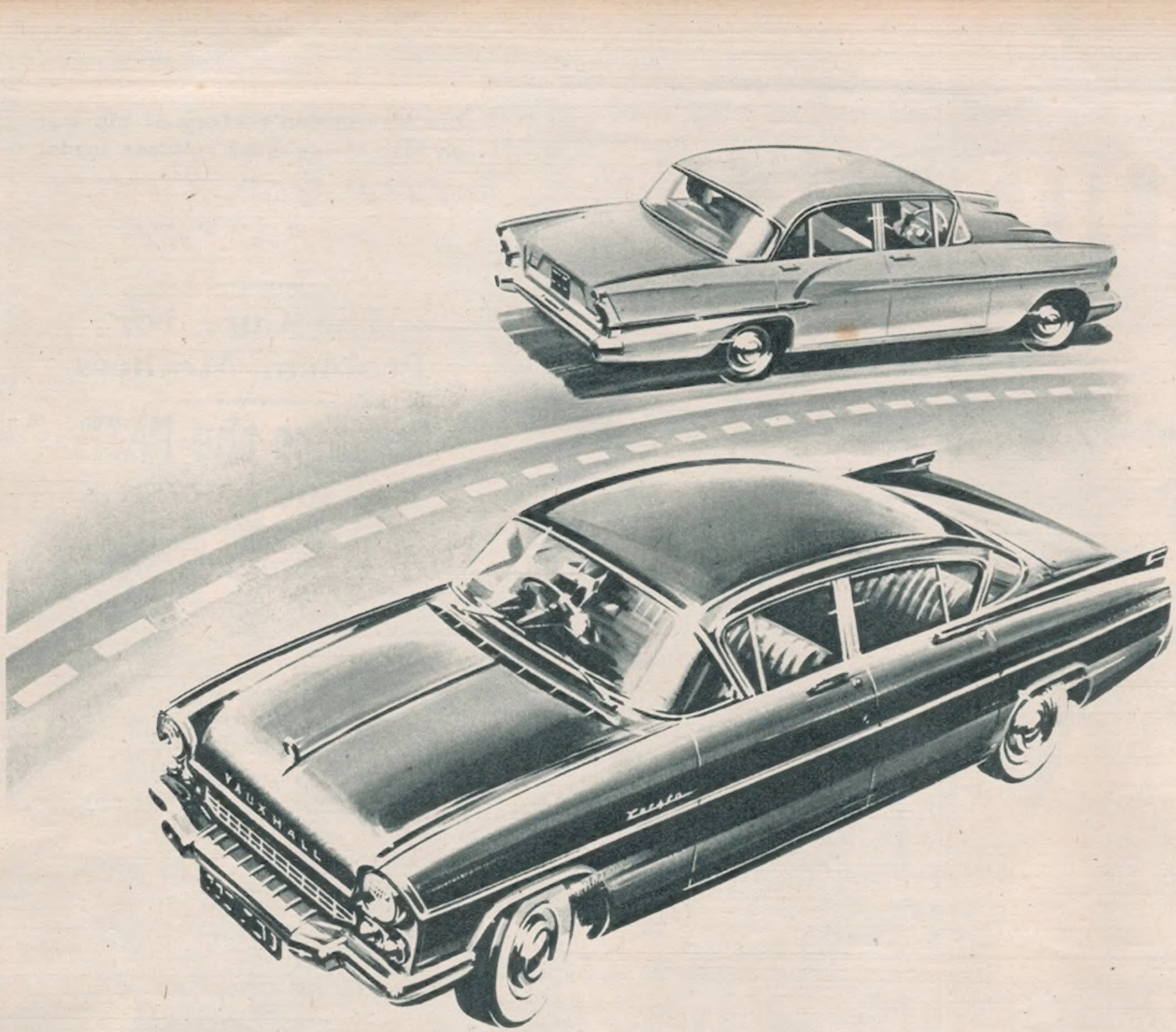
THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI

The Cure For Problem Mothers

Come to the FAIR

by JOHN MOORE

Three Complete Stories



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Free Speech

Call Them Mister—It's High Time Those Ex-colonels Forgot

The other day a friend of mine who is sales manager of a large company was telling me about his staff. Of one salesman he said, "Oh, he'll never make it. He was only a sergeant."

What an appalling thing it is that, thirteen years after the war, people who should know better trust the Services' judgment of others! In the Civil Service and in many big companies men still find it pays to call themselves "Colonel" instead of "Mr." Yet any ex-Serviceman knows that the qualities that will make a soldier a success are lack of initiative and lack of imagination.

Surely the least worth-while opinions are those of military men with ideas conditioned in a different world.

It's tragic that military snobbery makes anyone who was not at least a captain one of the great unwashed.

B. ROBERTS, CARDIFF, WALES.

★ ★ ★

Cure For The Blues

Travelling from the north by road, my brother-in-law stopped at Grantham in Lincolnshire for a drink, and found that he had a choice between pubs called The Blue Bull, The Blue Cow, The Blue Horse, The Blue Pig, The Blue Dog, The Blue Ram, The Blue Bell and The Blue Man.

MRS. M. SOWERBY, WEST STREET, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX.

In the early nineteenth century the Manners family tried to increase their political influence in Grantham by buying property, including many public houses. Blue being their political colour, they renamed the pubs accordingly.

★ ★ ★

Litter-bin

At a beauty spot I saw a family brush the crumbs, papers and cartons from their car on to the roadside after a picnic lunch facing a beautiful view. Is it any use talking to these people? When they had walked away from the car to get a better view of the countryside I picked up the larger pieces of rubbish and threw them back in the car.

EDITH M. WATSON, KING'S ROAD, HARROW.

★ ★ ★

Time Servers

In America and Canada, apprenticeships are no longer considered necessary. Could not the apprenticeship of British youth be shortened, so making trades more attractive and also, perhaps, allowing the completion of training before National Service without needing to apply for deferment?

J. K., ROCHDALE, LANCS.

"The average length of apprenticeships in Britain is five years," says the Ministry of Labour. "But plans are afoot either to shorten them, or to extend the range of training."

★ ★ ★

Rotten Branches

I certainly would not pay to have my family tree traced back ("Free Speech," March 22). I have some ancestors worth knowing about, but research into the past would certainly uncover others best forgotten.

I prefer a self-made man, provided that he has made a good job of himself, to one who shines in the reflected glory of his ancestors, and bores others with tales about them. I like Napoleon's attitude. He said, "*I* am an ancestor."

MRS. G. WESTMORE, BOROUGH ROAD, ROCK FERRY, CHESHIRE.

Continued on next page

George Webb

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Free Speech

continued from previous page

Soapy Answer?

I use a detergent for washing up, and always rub an ordinary cake of soap in the water when I have finished. The detergent foam quickly disappears. Could this be the answer to the problem of the foaming rivers and sewage works?

MRS. K. F. MIHILL, ST. ANNE'S ROAD, BECCLES, SUFFOLK.

"Soap does destroy detergent foam," says an industrial chemist. "It is not technically possible, however, to use it on the mass scale necessary to solve this problem."

Drinking It In

In my office I like to build up a thick fug: warm, windows closed and a nice blue tint in the atmosphere as my pipe smoke builds up. I can concentrate that way. But when we go to the seaside, I seem to get slightly drunk on the unaccustomed fresh air, and even have a hangover next day.

H. D., ALDERSHOT, HANTS.

The Meet

I am certainly no Percy Edwards (JOHN BULL, March 29) but many years ago, as a small boy, I would often lose myself in the country. On one occasion I was at the side of a bush watching a magpie when a rustling on my right caused me to turn my head.

Within six feet of me stood a magnificent dog fox. With one paw raised as he checked his stride to look at me he made a thrilling picture. After we had looked at each other for some seconds, he flicked his brush and made off in the direction of the farmyard.

My parents said I was lucky he didn't attack me as there were probably cubs to be fed at that time.

R. A. WARD, RESERVOIR ROAD, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

"Foxes have occasionally been known to attack human beings," says an authority on the countryside. "Normally they go to every subterfuge to avoid people, but when injured, cornered or under extreme provocation, a fox may attack."

Her Gesture

A Methodist minister on the same bus as me asked the conductress to put him off at the hospital, and offered her a two-shilling piece for the fare.

She gave him the florin back with his ticket, and ignored his repeated protests that she had given him the wrong change.

When, eventually, he was about to get off, he had one more try. "You'll have to make this up out of your own pocket," he told her. "Look," said the conductress, "if you can spare the time to visit a hospital, I can pay your fare if I like."

L. I. WINGATE, CO. DURHAM.

Cooking Spirit

One fine Sunday during the winter we discovered, for the first time, a beautiful spot deep in the heart of the New Forest, where those in the know gather round a great stone fireplace and enjoy

a real transatlantic-style barbecue. This fireplace is said to have been built by Canadian troops during the first World War, and is a favourite picnicking place—for the few who discover it—at any time of the year. Anybody who has the idea that the British are stand-offish should have seen the warm welcome we got from a crowd of complete strangers when we pulled up and went over to join the fun.

M. LITTLEDALE, ST. MARY'S TERRACE, HASTINGS, SUSSEX.

Safety Scheme

The child playing with a purse he has taken from his mother's handbag in your cover (JOHN BULL, March 22) reminds me of the time a member of my family brought home some tablets made up according to a doctor's prescription.

They were in a handbag, which she put on the sideboard. One of the children in the room at the time managed to get hold of the tablet box, upon which appeared the caution: "Keep away from children."

My wife, returning to the room, saw the child with the carton open and tablets all over the place.

Had he taken any? He said yes, then no. A count of the tablets showed that there were thirty-six. The original number could easily have been either three dozen or forty. We watched closely and no effect was apparent, so we assumed that the child had not swallowed any.

But much anxiety could have been avoided if only the chemist had written on the box the number of tablets it contained.

T. M. ROPER, GRAIGLWYD ROAD, SKETTY, SWANSEA.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SHAME on you, Mr. Handyman! For a man of property who has convinced the neighbourhood that he's a dab hand round the house, you are easily stumped by six inches of copper wire. If Jones next door could see this predicament he would say that your old granny saw through you when she bequeathed that sweeper. "My cover handyman won't get far like this," says Batchelor. "He'll have to learn to recognize a blown fuse."

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says **HELEN BURKE**

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C. 301A (58)

At Brentwood, mothers are given a second chance—to prove they can make a success of their homes after all

New hope for the family failures

Mother and three of her children went to Brentwood while Father recuperated after an injury. Now they are united again—at home

by RENÉ LECLER

There are thousands of problem families throughout Britain. At recuperation centres they make a new start—on the right foot

MRS. DOROTHY WARNER now lives with her husband and four children in a neat, semi-detached house in a large north of England town. The family is poor but healthy. Though the children wear each other's cast-off clothes, they are well fed and happy.

Like so many mothers, Mrs. Warner is making the best of a hard life. But it was not always like that. Once, she and her husband and children were known to the authorities as a "problem family."

At no time was this fact so self-evident as on the day two years ago when a health visitor called on the Warner family—their names have been changed in this article—in the two fourth-floor tenement rooms it then occupied.

It was early afternoon. Dorothy Warner sat on the edge of the only bed in a stained and crumpled dress, her hair unkempt. She was twenty-six but looked forty. For the sixth time in nine years she was expecting a child.

Her husband, a former farm labourer, had moved to town to find a better paying job. The family had lost its cottage, the father his self-respect, the mother almost all hope. Two of the children were in the care of a local welfare home.

The health visitor found the other three—aged eighteen months, two and a half and three and a half—playing on a pile of dirty cushions on the floor.

There was no heating and hardly any furniture save for a few old packing cases and an old table. The family had 1s. 11d. left of the week's National Assistance money. The nearest tap water was two floors down; the nearest lavatory four floors down.

In the food cupboard the health visitor discovered a single nutmeg, but no grater. Dorothy Warner had no idea how the nutmeg had got there. She did not care about anything.

Prompted by the health visitor's report, the

In the specially made Brentwood "small house" kitchen, cookery lessons are given by Julia Clarke

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

local authority began trying to find a solution to the Warners' problem.

Putting them into a home meant breaking up the family. Mrs. Warner did not want that and neither did her husband, who was genuinely fond of his wife and children.

The answer began to take shape two days later when Dorothy Warner and her three younger children knocked at the door of Brentwood, a large, pleasant house in the small Cheshire town of Marple.

A voluntary social service organization, the Community Council of Lancashire, runs Brentwood as a recuperative centre to give underprivileged, sometimes neglectful, mothers a new chance.

Miss Doris Abraham, the kindly, grey-haired, Liverpool-born warden of Brentwood, says: "Dorothy Warner was indeed a problem at first. She was distrustful, very sullen at times and resentful of everything we tried to do for her."

Gradually Mrs. Warner was taught to wash the children's clothes, make their beds and darn their socks and shirts. She learned to cook simple dishes and even to work out a budget.

One night, sitting among the eleven other Brentwood mothers, she cut out a pair of pyjamas for one of her children. She was very proud.

"We often have a sing-song with the children," says Miss Abraham. "Ring-a-Ring-o'-Roses and that sort of thing. Dorothy Warner did not know the nursery rhyme. I don't think she had ever played with her own children."

The Warner family's trials took place two years ago. Eventually Brentwood's sponsors helped them to get a small house and the family was reunited. A few weeks ago Miss Abraham called on them unexpectedly.

"The children were a little on the grubby side," she recalls, "but I could see that they were bathed regularly and clothed properly. Though they were still very poor, the father was working. Instead of the fish and chips and cream cakes which formerly constituted an occasional feast for them, there was a substantial stew on the fire."

In Britain's welfare state, authorities estimate that there are about 80,000 "problem families" like the Warners. Their failings are known only to health visitors and welfare organizations.

Occasionally a mother is taken to court and accused of child neglect. She may be fined. She may be sent to prison. In almost every case her children are taken away from her, and it may be a long time before the family is re-united—if it ever is.

Ten years ago the Brentwood experiment was started in an attempt to find another way out for these problem families.

So far seven hundred families have gone through the centre and recent investigations have shown that sixty-three per cent have successfully pulled out of the morass of ill-health, too many children, too little money and no hope. Another fifteen per cent have made some progress. The rest have been failures.

"People often ask me," says Miss Abraham, "how it is that in a welfare state such as ours these families can present such problems. The answer lies in many factors.

"Almost always there is the ill-health of the mother, often caused by too many pregnancies. Then there is money, bad housing, impossible husband-and-wife relations. But mostly it is just plain ignorance of what it takes to run a family."

BRENTWOOD does not pamper the twelve mothers and thirty-five children usually in residence. Everything is planned to give a mother a breathing space so that she may stand up to life again, while learning elementary homemaking.

Mothers who have young babies look after them for a few hours every day. Then, under the guidance of the Brentwood staff of nine, they go through every task which normally faces a mother at home, from cleaning a bath to making a fire and laying a table.

In a small kitchen designed specially to resemble that of a small house, the mothers follow cookery lessons and learn to cook such substantial dishes as stews, soups and puddings.

Child care is emphasized at every turn, mostly by showing the mothers how their children are looked after in the nursery. Brentwood's assistant warden, Miss Julia Clarke, says: "This is essential since some mothers simply have no idea. Many children arrive unkempt and ill-fed, dressed in what look like sacks. Recently we had a child of two and a half who was still breast fed."

Most afternoons the mothers, who go to Brentwood as a voluntary gesture and only rarely at the direction of a magistrates' court, can go out for walks in the surrounding countryside. Evenings are spent with the staff around the fire, talking about home topics, sewing, often listening to music.

Once a week there is a party. Miss Abraham says: "In most cases the first sign that our work is paying dividends comes when the mother begins to worry about her appearance. She looks after her hair, repairs her dresses, sometimes even makes a new one."

Families remain at Brentwood for anything between two and six months and husbands are encouraged to pay them frequent visits.

There are only four other family recuperation centres in Britain so far. Brentwood, the pioneer, has been inspected by welfare experts from many parts of the world, and local authorities up and down the country are sending some of their difficult families there, hoping to make a start on a problem which has baffled welfare officers for a long time.

Each authority pays £4 a week for every mother and every child, but this sum hardly covers the cost of running the home.

Surprised by the obvious need for the Brentwood system, visitors often mention to Miss Abraham the emphasis on homecraft now evident in British schools.

"What they forget," she says, "is that the mothers we get here are the ones who were not so bright in school, and did not learn anything. Later things get too much for them."

She quotes the case of a present inmate, a girl of twenty-eight, who is expecting her seventh child and whose husband earns £8 a week. Their home, in a large Home Counties town, had no running water and the mother had to cook on a bedroom grate.

She says: "Sooner or later that woman was bound to suffer ill-health, and when she did the entire family structure, such as it was, collapsed."

With great patience and tact, Miss Abraham does her best to understand her boarders' individual problems. Not long ago a London court order sent her a mother who had been accused of neglecting her three children. Reports told Miss Abraham that the family home was very badly kept and almost bare of furniture.

When the mother arrived she was sullenly defiant and unco-operative. Taught how to perform a household task, she persistently referred to her own mother's better methods and frequently mentioned her wonderful home, describing closely her furniture, carpets and household goods. It was several weeks before she began taking part in the home's activities.

Says Miss Abraham: "Battered by circumstances, that woman had built up her own defences against adversity and criticism."

Now, when the warden travels to London, this woman's entire family waits for her on the station platform, ready to take her home to tea.

Mothers who have returned to their own homes often get in touch with Miss Abraham later for advice. One woman telephoned to say that her neighbours, annoyed by the noise made by her children, were getting abusive and threatened her with police action.

"I told her to go to the police herself," recalls Miss Abraham, "and describe the circumstances to them so that they should have her side of the story."

She agrees that though husband-and-wife disagreements are sometimes at the root of the trouble, she should not interfere.

Once, some months ago, a woman complained to Miss Abraham that her husband beat her unmercifully and had even broken her leg on one occasion. After the mother had been at Brentwood for some time, her husband arrived on a visit.

As he appeared to be a quiet, patient man, Miss Abraham took him aside and demanded to know his side of the wife-beating story.

With some indignation, the husband replied: "We've been married eight years and my wife has never learned to cook anything except potatoes. If you were served with potatoes for dinner every day for eight years, what would you do?"

Says Miss Abraham: "He had my sympathy. The next time he came, we had his wife bake a cake specially for him." THE END

THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI·1

Our chase begins— and two terrorists lead the way

The exciting inside story of the ruthless struggle in the mountains against Mau Mau's most vicious leader

by IAN HENDERSON

At midnight on November 18, 1955, our Land-Rover left Nairobi for the Aberdare forest-covered mountains in Kenya. My companions were Superintendent Tony Lapage, a square, solid man who like myself was in the Special Branch of the Kenya Police, and my African Inspector, a loyal, brave Kikuyu named Gethieya Ndirango.

Our hunt for Dedan Kimathi, the most powerful and ruthless of the Mau Mau leaders, had begun.

Kimathi led the hard core of about fifteen hundred terrorists still left in the Aberdares. Thirty-five years old, he believed that Ngai, the traditional god of the Kikuyu, had chosen him to be the head of the whole tribe. At the start of the emergency in 1952, he had found it easy to maintain his position as the invincible ruler of the Kikuyu who had taken to the mountains.

But as more and more of his fanatical followers fell into the hands of the Security Forces, and his supply routes were cut off, he grew increasingly desperate. He lived like an animal, chewing skins and bones. His lice-ridden hair reached down to his shoulders. He constantly suspected fellow terrorists of having turned against him, and had them strangled at the slightest provocation. His nervousness kept him on the move, and he was so elusive that we had little or no chance of making immediate contact with him. Our plan was to leave letters, calling for surrender and written by terrorists who had already surrendered, in three spots well known to him and his men.

On December 20 an aircraft would then sky-shout a message which I had tape-recorded in Kikuyu, explaining where the letters were to be found. Kimathi, we felt sure, would be curious enough to send messengers to the spots—and then we would ambush the messengers who, we hoped, would tell us the whereabouts of their leader.

At Nyeri, about sixty miles north of Nairobi in the saddle between Mount Kenya and the Aberdares, we picked up three African police constables who were

Ian Henderson (extreme right) takes an evening respite on the top of the Aberdares. He was said to have done more than anybody to end Mau Mau terrorism. On the right: one of Henderson's teams, armed and clad in animal skins, tracking terrorists

In the still darkness of the jungle, three terrorists crouched over a

to guard the Land-Rover while we were depositing the letters, then as dawn was breaking we entered the Aberdare forest at Njogu-ini.

There was not a cloud in the sky as we bumped along towards the top of the 12,000-foot high range. The sun rising over the shoulder of Mount Kenya was warm and comforting. The song of a hundred birds promised a beautiful morning.

As we drove higher up the track we passed elephant footprints and rhino droppings. Towards midday we were high up the Aberdares and could look back down the long falling slopes of the mountain to Nyeri, some thirty miles away. We were close to our first letter point, Mihuro, a hide-out used by Kimathi in 1953.

On arrival we immediately set to work. Beside one of three dilapidated bamboo shelters which had once housed the Mau Mau "Houses of Parliament," we scraped an area of ground about five feet square until the bare, brown earth was plainly visible. In the centre of this we put a thin bamboo stake and, after placing our letter inside an empty bottle to keep it safe from the weather, we slipped the bottle over the stake, open end downwards.

As we climbed back to the Land-Rover we were thinking of the long meeting in the forest which was bound to follow the sky-shouting. Every one of the long-haired, dirty terrorists would speak at length, possibly for hours, for or against sending anyone to the letter point. In this heated debate the fact that the letter had been planted by a party of unarmed men who did not conceal their tracks could swing everything in our favour.

We had to abandon our attempt to leave a letter at our next point, Nyina wa Karathi, an old Mau Mau food-store; three bull elephants were feeding just where we wanted to place our letter and refused to budge.

The following morning we successfully planted a letter with an empty bottle and stick at our third point, a huge rock at the end of what was known as Wanderers' Track, and set off down the mountain again.

Three days later we went back into the Aberdares to see whether either of our two letters had been removed. But at Mihuro our letter had been destroyed by a school of Sykes's monkeys, who had eaten all but a few fragments of the paper and thrown our empty bottle into the bush. We had to forge a new letter.

The next day we visited the rock. Here both our letter and bottle had gone, and for a moment we held our breath with excitement, but on looking behind the rock we were horrified to find a pile of empty corned beef tins. It was not the Mau Mau who had taken our message away, but a road reconnaissance unit of the Royal Engineers, who thought they had found a treasure for the Intelligence, and had taken our letter, plus the bottle with our fingerprints on it, straight to the police in Nyeri.

This was disastrous. The rock was obviously a poor bet now, for even if we forged another letter and left it there, no Mau Mau would consider visiting the place once they had seen a group of hungry soldiers sitting there eating corned beef. This left us with Mihuro, where our prospects were far from good.

Christmas passed unhappily. What could we do next? Early on Boxing Day morning Tony and I were sitting in Special Branch Headquarters when the telephone rang. On the other end of the line was Superintendent Jack Toft, then head of the Police Division at Naivasha, at the foot of the western side of the Aberdares.

Beside the forest station at North Kinangop, not far away, a typical Mau Mau letter had been found in a cleft stick early that morning. The letter was addressed to "Kinyanjui," my Kikuyu nickname. It was written in Kikuyu and had not been translated for security reasons.

Without a moment's delay Tony and I rushed to Naivasha to read the letter. The author, we found, was a terrorist who had once held a fairly high rank in Mau Mau. His letter read:

To Sar Kinyanjui of Special Branch. If you find this letter please say so from an aeroplane. I have heard the words so wait for me on the Nyeri track and you will find another letter. It is I, Gati.

That the letter should have been addressed to me was not very surprising, for after the two series of expeditions which I and other Special Branch officers had made into the forests in 1954 and in 1955 to try to convince the Mau Mau of the futility of violence, I had received an endless stream of letters from the forest; some threatening, some saying that isolated terrorists wished to surrender, some saying almost nothing at all. "I have heard the words" obviously meant that the writer had heard the sky shout.

The following morning at dawn the sky shouter was up again over the western Aberdares, confirming receipt of the letter, and saying that I would be travelling along the Nyeri track on December 29.

Anthony Lapage, a superintendent in Special Branch. He and Henderson won recruits from Kimathi—by jungle post

Gati could hardly have chosen a worse meeting place. When we set out on the twenty-ninth the track was so muddy after a recent storm that we slithered about, buckling the wings of the Land-Rover against the banks.

We had climbed to about eight thousand feet when we saw the message. It was tied to a short bamboo stick in the middle of the track.

This was what admirers of Hemingway would call "a moment of truth." My thoughts skipped, grasshopper-style, but they always came back to one theme—that I was walking straight into an ambush, where every advantage of attack and retreat would lie with the terrorists.

We stopped the Land-Rover about thirty yards short and sat quietly. Nobody could be seen.

I got out and walked up to the bamboo stick. As I untied the string round the message and lifted it from the stick there was still no sound in the forest. I read it. It was a short message. It said: *Return here again on January 1.*

This, oddly enough, was excellent news. Mau Mau do not normally put in an appearance when you first arrive at a meeting place. They lie up in the forest nearby to see how you behave, whether you are armed, how many people come with you, and whether your pockets bulge, for that, in their eyes, is a sure sign that you are carrying grenades and planning to kill them. Any delay or hesitation on their part, any postponement of an arrangement to meet, is usually a sign that they really do want to meet you, but are frightened to come out before they have sized you up.

Knowing that we were being watched, I scribbled a reply saying we would be back on the first, put it back in the cleft stick, and returned as casually as possible to the Land-Rover. . . .

On New Year's Day we were back again. This time I brought with me my wife's Arab-silver bracelet which I had bought at Malindi on our honeymoon. Since the outbreak of the emergency I had taken it with me, tied firmly to a handkerchief, on most of my trips into the forest. I was confident that it would bring us luck.

Once again we stopped the Land-Rover about thirty yards short of the bamboo stick, which was stuck in exactly the same place. In the cleft was a government surrender pamphlet, on the back of which was written: *Wait, we are here.*

Half an hour later two terrorists appeared about twenty yards away on the fringe of the forest. One was dressed in a reddish-brown bushbuck-skin coat and an old heavily patched pair of long, black trousers. The other wore a monkey-skin jacket with soft hyrax-skin trousers.

After studying us for a short while, both jumped quite boldly down the bank on to the track and started towards us. I went forward to meet them, and, as was customary, shook hands without saying a word. Gati, the man in the bushbuck coat, was clearly the leader, and it was he who had written the letter. I told him to fetch any other terrorists who might be waiting nearby.

He assured me that they were alone. Both were carrying long double-edged *simis*, or Kikuyu swords, which dangled from straps over their shoulders, both smelled dreadfully—they had not washed for months—but neither possessed a gun.

I beckoned them to sit down and we talked. All the time we were weighing each other up. All the time we were growing more used to each other. For this first conversation with Gati and his companion Hungu was not only the beginning of our scheme, but the beginning of the end of Dedan Kimathi. . . .

It seemed that they had been checking their game snares near Rurimeria Hill on December 11 when they had unexpectedly come face to face with Kimathi and his powerful bodyguard. Now Hungu, long before, had been Kimathi's prisoner and had escaped while awaiting sentence of eighty strokes with a lash. He knew he would be killed if caught, so he fled. Gati, knowing that Kimathi believed in guilt by association, fled also.

Our two fugitives had travelled on for two days and two nights until they located the powerful gang of another Mau Mau leader named Chege Karobia, from whom they sought protection.

Chege agreed that they were not traitors, but he would not allow them to join his gang. He knew that if Kimathi heard of it, he would be blamed for not sending them back for trial.

Dispirited and frightened, Gati and Hungu left Chege and went into hiding on their own. They were desperate, hunted by Mau Mau and the Security Forces alike.

Eventually they wrote a letter to me, having heard my voice in a sky shout on December 20, and put it beside the military camp below North Kinangop on Christmas night when, in their own words, "all the troops would be having a party, and nobody would be out hunting us."

"Why didn't you put your letter where the aeroplane said?" I asked Gati.

"We did not hear any place mentioned. We

fire. Patiently we waited. We must try to catch them . . . alive

In the struggle, Waira found himself on top of the terrorist. With a free arm he took his knife from its sheath

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

only heard the plane say we should write a letter."

The stormy conditions on the Aberdares had distorted the sky-shouter message to such an extent that only odd words of it had been heard.

After hearing their story I asked the two of them why exactly they had come to us that day.

"Before Kimathi kills us," they said, "we thought we had better surrender."

Tony and I summed up the situation. We had two surrendered terrorists on our hands, out of favour with Kimathi. On the other hand not a single person, apart from ourselves, knew that they had surrendered. In fact there was every likelihood of Kimathi hearing that they were not pseudo-terrorists when he next met Chege Karobia. They would not have gone openly with their story to Chege if they had been traitors.

Good use could be made of them, but we had to try to prove to the Mau Mau that they were still active in the forest. Otherwise their absence would compromise them and make them useless to us.

In the next few days we talked a lot to our two friends, until their fear of us had disappeared and their outlook on life began to change. We showed them how Mau Mau had been eliminated. We took them up in helicopters.

We told them what we knew about their own past activities in Mau Mau—so that they would appreciate that might as well as right lay with us. Then we put them back into the forest and met them every few days to test their reliability.

In the meantime we returned to Mihuro to see if our forged letter had been removed. It had not.

All the time that Gati and Hungu were in the forest they were afraid that Kimathi would find them. We found them honest about their movements, and they were always punctual in their meetings with us. Soon we were satisfied with their trustworthiness, and issued them with pistols.

All the time, the task for which they were being prepared was developing behind the scenes. We started making them popular with the other terrorists. We sky-shouted a message over several parts of the Aberdares, claiming that both were badly wanted criminals and offering £600 to anyone who gave information leading to their capture.

The effect of our hue and cry was dramatic. Within a few days Gati and Hungu became heroes. Obviously they must have committed some awful crime, otherwise the government would not have put such a high price on their heads. Everyone wanted to meet them.

Not only had we boosted their reputation to dazzling heights but we had even provoked Kimathi into changing his opinion about them. He was now anxious to anoint them with fat, for they were the only Mau Mau whose heads were worth as much as was his own.

All was well, provided that nobody captured them and claimed the reward.

Towards the end of January we began to tell our two friends from the mountain, as they liked to call themselves, about our hope of catching Kimathi. They were quite enthusiastic about it. We did not have to introduce them gradually to the idea that Kimathi was the root of all evil in the jungle. That had become obvious to them.

How could Kimathi be eliminated? Hour after hour, day after day, we probed and studied and listened to everything Gati and Hungu had to say. They were now our most expert advisers, but it was clear that there was no easy road ahead for us. Kimathi was far too cunning to fall easily. Even if our two collaborators could merge with his gang without losing their lives, they would not be allowed to come face to face with him until they had first been screened, searched and questioned by his henchmen.

In the whole forest there were only two terrorists who were allowed to meet Kimathi without first being screened by his guards. They were Kahiu Itina, who led a gang in the northern Aberdares, and Chege Karobia, who led a group in the western Aberdares.

Our two collaborators told us that it would be almost impossible to trace Kimathi's gang. One could search the jungle for months and never set eyes on it. By far the best course was to hunt for Kahiu Itina and Chege Karobia, both of whom would know where Kimathi was hiding and how best he could be dealt with. Once either one of them was in our hands, the jump to Kimathi would be a short one—or so we thought.

But the task of locating Kahiu or Chege was not going to be easy. They, too, could be anywhere on the six thousand square miles of the Aberdares, and the fact that Gati and Hungu had met Chege after their flight from Kimathi on the Moorlands did not mean that they knew where he was and could go back and find him.

Our immediate aim now was the capture of either Kahiu Itina or Chege Karobia. But how? Our two friends could do very little alone against such powerful opponents.

From that moment we set out to build up our force, which we aimed to do by joining, and then capturing, small Mau Mau gangs. Meanwhile we decided to avoid Kahiu Itina and Chege Karobia, and Kimathi as well, until we had a minimum of twelve hardcore terrorists on our side. Twelve, we estimated, would be adequate for our purposes, provided they carried sufficient fire-power.

Our first move in this new direction began on January 28, 1956. Before dawn Tony, Gethieya, Gati, Hungu and I were making our way up a narrow game track in the Melawa Gorge. As only a terrorist could guide us in the darkness, for they could see surprisingly well at night, Gati was in the lead. We were worried about being trailed and identified by some Mau Mau foraging gang returning to the forest after a raid into the wheatlands below, so as we travelled along Hungu was in the rear threading back the blades of grass every few yards to mislead anyone who might try to follow.

Gati took us to a secret path in the forest often used by terrorists crossing the Melawa Gorge. While he and his companion set off down the hillside to comb the forest south of the river, Tony, Gethieya and I lay down in ambush positions beside the track. The day passed without incident, though we were bitten by ants. By evening we were all getting cramped and restive.

Suddenly, as we lay in silence, there was a low whistle, followed a few seconds later by another. For a moment I wondered whether it was a terrorist signal, and I clutched my gun more tightly, but it was Gati. His dark, stocky form soon appeared. Bending down, he put out his hand for me to shake. His wrist and fingers were covered with congealed blood.

"*Kai niatia*—What is it, Gati?" I asked. "Where is Hungu?"

"There is nothing bad," he replied.

In no time, Gati was leading us back through the pitch-dark forest and within a hundred yards we came upon Hungu. He was standing, feet apart, pistol in hand, over the prone bodies of four Mau Mau who were handcuffed in pairs and lying face downwards on the ground.

It seemed that shortly after our two collaborators had left us early that morning they came to the banks of the Melawa River. They had followed the river downstream for nearly three miles before they found a place where fragments of plucked leaves were lying on the bank. Mau Mau often used these to cover the river stones and avoid leaving muddy marks on them when drawing water from the middle of the stream.

From that point they had tracked the gang through the forest for a long way. They had seen where the gang had rested, where one terrorist had branched off to examine a hollow in a tree for honey, and where, eventually, the gang had taken extreme precautions to cover their own tracks. This was one of the arts which the remaining hardcore terrorists had perfected. It involved putting the whole weight of the body on to one side of the foot so that no toe or heel would be noticeable.

Once a gang began covering its tracks, a technique which Mau Mau referred to with justifiable pride as *kuhitha makinya*, or "to hide the feet," only the most expert jungleman could follow them, and that, in my experience, only meant Mau Mau of the same calibre as the hunted. Gati and Hungu then crept up to within a few yards of a gang of five terrorists. The attack was launched so quickly that all the terrorists had been able to say was, "*Noguo, noguo*—that's it, that's it." But while Hungu was busy handcuffing them, one had jumped to his feet and tried to escape. Gati fired at him.

Two shots went astray, but the third bullet bit

into his thigh and knocked him over. For a moment he lay there, then he rose again and plunged through some bushes, but a few seconds later another shot killed him.

Gati searched him quickly for arms and documents, getting blood over his hands. Then he led the party round to our rendezvous.

The newcomers were brought all the way back to Nairobi, where we set up a base-camp called "Mayfield." There we began the tedious task of winning their support and confidence.

We embarked upon a deflating campaign designed to convince them that they were not the tough, superhuman fighters they thought they were. We took them to a rifle range and showed them what poor marksmen they were.

When their arrogance had vanished, education began. There were endless hours of patient discussion in which the futility of terrorism and the malevolence of their leaders had to be emphasized. Our prisoners ate well, and were treated well.

It was not very long before they were sufficiently indoctrinated for our purpose; by the end of the first week in February we were confident that we had six collaborators, and back to the Aberdares we went.

Gati and Hungu managed to surprise and capture two Mau Mau who were carrying large bundles of wheat on their heads through the forest, and these two latest additions were indoctrinated somewhat more quickly than the others. Within a few days we were able to spring our eight-strong force into a completely new part of the mountain—the Fort Hall forest.

The team, minus Tony, Gethieya and I, who were in a small base camp we had set up in a different part of the forest, was moving silently through the undergrowth when four terrorists came into view and stopped abruptly twenty yards away. For a moment both parties stood glaring at one another. But the terrorists were convinced that our team was a genuine, friendly gang. Soon everyone was gathered together in an excited, breathless group. It was a happy reunion among friends of the jungle.

By the time the team and its four new prisoners arrived at our forest base, the newcomers had been told all about our scheme, and were already pleased at the idea of joining us.

The target of twelve which we had set ourselves had now been reached. At last we were ready to begin our search for the only two terrorists in the forest, apart from Kimathi's own men, who could lead us to Kimathi himself.

We grouped our terrorists in teams of six and turned our attention to the Wuthering Heights region of the northern Aberdares, which had been Kahiu's stamping ground in earlier days. Throughout March we operated at full pressure in a determined bid to find Kahiu before the long rains broke. The teams made three contacts with small Mau Mau gangs. We captured four more terrorists and killed a further two, but nobody had seen or heard of Kahiu for months.

They were small engagements, but even so they contained an element of danger. One incident was typical of the others.

Thirteen sheep had been stolen from a farm near Naro Moru, and the tracks of the animals were followed by the police to the edge of the Aberdare forest. At its request we put one of our teams, led by an ex-terrorist named Njeru, into the forest to pick up the spoor and track down the gang. This team eventually managed to find the place several miles up the mountain where the animals had been slaughtered.

When darkness came, our men moved cautiously through the brushwood until they saw a fire flickering below them almost half-way up the far side of a ravine. They moved on slowly until they were only forty yards from the fire. Three terrorists were sitting round it. Each was holding a stick on which large pieces of meat were stuck, and the meat was sizzling.

The terrorists ate well, too well to do anything but sleep. Then they sat round the fire and talked for hours. At last they covered the fire with earth and then lay down on the warm earth for the night.

Our men crawled right into the hide-out and stood over their sleeping victims. Then they dropped as a leopard would drop from a tree on to a passing buck. But they had under-estimated the physical strength of their adversaries. One of our men, Waira, was thrown backwards into the bush. Njeru fell over when his leg was grabbed. Thia, a dwarf, almost lost his revolver. Within seconds knives were flashing, and everyone was wriggling and kicking on the ground in the darkness. A heavy body fell on Njeru's face. He was choking. He was sure he was about to die, so he gave a muffled yell.

Waira, bleeding from a knife wound on his arm, broke loose and went to help Njeru. An elbow hit him on the chest and knocked him over. A terrorist dropped on him. Over and over they rolled until the terrorist was under him. This was not a time to worry about bringing them back alive—it was a fight for life.

Now Waira's right arm was free. He pulled his knife from its sheath and plunged it deep into

The Machine Shop

An odd beauty seems to haunt machines,
  Elusive, warm, like—in a football ground—
The voices of friends half-recognized and lost
  And found and lost and lost again and found.

Making silk circles of the spinning wheels;
  Fluttering on the presses; as light as they
Are heavy; and slipping from the tool's tip
  Into the rainbows of the suds-oil tray.

Ripening the eyes and the sweat on set faces
  Grown old with what work has been already done;
Smearing unearthly light on tight knuckles;
  And building floating dust-paths to the sun.

W. H. BOORE

his opponent's chest. The man gasped, stretched up a little, then relaxed his grip.

Thia was still shouting: "*Ninguragwo! Ninguragwo!*—I will be killed! I will be killed!" But Waira could not see him. The dwarf was beneath several writhing bodies. Waira pulled the first leg he found, but it did no good.

Then Waira remembered his revolver. He pulled it from its holster inside his shirt and fired three shots into the ground. Within seconds the rolling and kicking stopped, and he heard the two remaining terrorists pleading for mercy. It was some time before everyone was able to stand up. All were cut and bleeding.

Unfortunately it was just after these interesting little battles that Tony Lapage was recalled to more routine duties. I doubt whether anyone could have been more sorry to leave us, for his heart and soul were in the job. It was not easy to replace him, and for a long time Gethieya and I carried on alone, but eventually I was joined by Inspector Richard MacLachlan, a slightly built Scotsman from Glasgow.

We were closer than we thought, however, to Kahiu Itina, and after the end of March events occurred in rapid succession.

By a stroke of good luck one of our men, named Kibata, caught an enormous terrorist called Ruku, from Kahiu's gang. He told us that he had last seen Kahiu in a hide-out on the Ngobit River near Wuthering Heights.

Without delay we rushed round to that side of the mountain, but to everyone's horror, on arrival at Wuthering Heights after a back-breaking journey up the Elephant Entry Track—the worst track on the whole Aberdares—Ruku stubbornly refused to co-operate with us, insisting that he had not said that Kahiu Itina was on the Ngobit River. He now claimed no knowledge of his whereabouts.

By the evening of April 3 he had still not changed his story, so MacLachlan and I took him over while the teams headed for the Ngobit River to carry out a general search. All Ruku asked during the next few hours was that we should shoot him. He wanted to die.

We made ourselves a small shelter on the fringe of the Moorlands, and while Mac went off to draw water, I took Ruku with me to gather firewood.

When we had gone a short way from the camp I told him he could go away if he wished. Ruku was astonished. He looked at me menacingly, then sat down on the ground and shook his head.

"Where do you want me to go?" he asked.

"Why not go back to Kahiu Itina," I said.

"So you want me to be killed, do you?"

"Haven't you been asking me to kill you for the last two hours? What does it matter whether I kill you or Kahiu Itina kills you?"

Ruku realized then that he could not leave us. He knew that if he were seen again by Kahiu Itina's men they would kill him. Once he had been missed, the gang would be sure that he was coming back to betray his leader. That was the Mau Mau way of thinking.

Ruku's outlook changed. By dawn he had volunteered to lead us to the patch of forest where he had last seen Kahiu Itina.

At daybreak, on Ruku's advice, our force split up to surround the patch.

Meanwhile, Ruku and Gati pushed their way through the undergrowth towards the middle, hoping to flush Kahiu Itina. They had only gone about a hundred yards, when one of Kahiu Itina's men walked into our sentries on a buffalo track and was captured. A second terrorist, however, was lagging some thirty yards behind and had seen his companion pounced upon. He turned round and dashed off through the forest.

He was a hard man to catch. First our man Gacheru, tired out, fell back and left Gati and Ruku to continue on their own. The agile terrorist plunged into the river, but the river stones were too slippery. He lost his balance and fell into the water. There, too tired to do anything else, he sat up and raised his hands in surrender.

This terrorist was terrified of dying. He pleaded desperately with his captors, telling them he would show them a new rendezvous where Kahiu Itina and many others were hiding if only they would spare his life.

It was important to get to it quickly. There was no time for Gati to gather the rest of his force together. He, Ruku, the prisoner, and Gacheru, who had by now arrived at the river, would have to go on alone and trust in Ngai that they would not be killed. Fortunately the hide-out was not far off. Near the headwaters of the river an outcrop of massive boulders surrounded a single tall tree. The new hide-out was under this tree.

Our men reached the boulders without a check. From there they could hear voices in the hide-out. The terrorists were praying in low voices.

Gati climbed quietly to the top of the nearest rock, his automatic ready. All the men in the hide-out were standing in formation facing Mount Kenya with arms raised shoulder high.

Gati pointed his gun at them and ordered them to stand where they were; they turned towards him and gazed into the muzzle of his automatic.

NEXT WEEK: Trapped in the forest—by Kimathi's men

© *Ian Henderson and Philip Goodhart, 1958*

PERSONAL PORTRAIT · THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

They called him Little Lord Misery—until he inherited a £5,000,000 debt. Then he turned his home into a trippers' dream, with ice cream, souvenirs and juke-box jazz. And he doesn't give a hoot if fellow peers complain

'Let 'em turn in their graves'

INTO the mailboxes of the wealthier citizens of Houston, Texas, early this year went a travel brochure with a long-winded sentence to titillate the interest of oil millionaires and cattle kings: ". . . you will take tea with their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Bedford (whose ancestor was a friend of Henry VIII) in the historic and ancient Woburn Abbey, where pictures worth five million dollars adorn the gold-encrusted walls and strange animals from all over the world browse under the ancient elms of the three thousand acres of parkland where monks used to till the soil and tend their beasts."

The brochure omitted to explain that the hospitality offered is available to anyone with a bicycle or the bus fare to Woburn in Bedfordshire, and half a crown admission fee. And, indeed, on any fine summer Sunday, would be shared with six thousand sightseers, arriving in scores of charabancs and up to a thousand cars—a weekly invasion which does not endear the duke to his neighbours.

"Personally, I think he's a menace," one of them said. "The way he's behaving affects the whole neighbourhood. The roads are impassable and one is as likely as not to get a beer bottle on one's head from a passing charabanc. But when I spoke to him about it he merely said: 'You've had peace and quiet for five hundred years. It's time for a change.'"

John Robert Russell, thirteenth Duke of Bedford, known to his friends as Ian, has the best of all reasons for luring the crowds to Woburn. He needs the money. He was farming contentedly in South Africa when a cable arrived to tell him that his father had died in a gun accident and he had inherited the four-hundred year old dukedom of Bedford. With it went Woburn Abbey, with its zoo, its park and herd of three thousand deer, land in Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, Kent and Scotland, and property which comprises half of Bloomsbury and includes a box in the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden. With it, too, went a buff envelope marked O.H.M.S. informing him that he owed £5 million in death duties.

"Do you think I am Hercules, to clean up this rotten mess?" he asked when his legal advisers first outlined the tangle of affairs which awaited him.

His life is still dominated by The Debt. The

Continued on page 34

The duke leads a rock 'n' roll session at Woburn. To a neighbour who protested about the crowds he said: "You've had peace for five hundred years. It's time for a change"

PERSONAL TAILORING *needs* PERSONAL ATTENTION

the Hepworth touch!

Individual tailoring is very much a matter of individual skill. The Hepworth tailor who so carefully measures you has been trained for just this job. The Hepworth cutter who fashions your cloth by hand, the Hepworth craftsmen who tailor your suit, hand press the linings, scrutinise every detail . . . each contributes individual skill, which all adds up to something we call "the Hepworth touch". Yet the remarkable thing is that a Hepworth suit, made-to-measure or ready-to-wear, costs only £8.19.6, or in pure wool worsted and in blends of Acrilan/Worsted or Terylene/ Worsted, from £11.11.0 to £15.15.0.

Hepworths

Where the GOOD CLOTHES come from

YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

HIGH TIDE AT SEVEN

He had lost her —and it needed a child in danger to find her again

by **DUDLEY HOYS**

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

TOM MAYSON was on top of the world that autumn afternoon. As he crossed Underscar Flats he grinned cheerily at everything in sight: the crumpled barriers of the distant fells, the nearby curve of the coast road, the sea-washed Cumberland turf where his Herdwick sheep browsed, passing their first winter away from the harshness of the far peaks and ridges.

The tide was out now, the sands gleaming silvery-yellow, and around the banks of the half-filled channels gulls squabbled and oyster-catchers pottered with a flicker of red beaks and legs. More of them fluttered and busied themselves on the low stretch called Underscar Island, maybe fifty acres of dune, only visible at low water because at full tide the sea covered it.

Presently Tom began to make for the spot where the side lane in which he had left his car ended at a little beach. On the beach were a woman and a child, and he grinned happily. He knew he was a lucky man.

Seven years back everybody in the dale had believed Tom would wed Margaret Hall of Hollinground, a slim, red-haired lass with a kind of decent pride in her eyes. Instead, after courting her for a while, he had gone on a young man's holiday to Blackpool, picked up with a fair girl —a very pretty, feckless type—and eventually brought her back to Martsyke as his bride.

It was a tragic blunder. The marriage had been a failure from the start. The girl had no interest in fell farming and hated the loneliness. She died soon after bringing tiny Linda into the world, and there he was, a widower at twenty-three, with a child to rear. As for Margaret, she had taken it hard, cleared out of the district and gone to live with relatives in Cheshire. A sorry mess, the whole business, for which he was convinced he'd never forgive himself.

This bleak belief had weighed him down until Margaret's mother, her health failing, was in desperate need of help, and Margaret came back to Hollinground. When Tom met her after her return, her manner showed that she bore no grudge. The years had scarcely changed her. The smiling eyes still had that hint of quiet steadiness, of friendly self-reliance. She petted Linda as if the youngster had been her own child, and there came to Tom the blessed conviction that they could resume where they had left off.

Quite confident about the issue now, Tom moved on with big, slow, easy strides and joined the two on the shore. Linda was perched on Margaret's back, squeaking with excitement. He patted the child on top of her minute blue beret and said: "Hallo. Got a nice horse?"

Linda nodded vigorously. Margaret smiled at him and said: "Sheep all right?"

"Aye, doing well. Let's be getting back to the car."

"You must have tea with us at Hollinground."

On the way there Tom told himself that the dalesfolk would soon be hearing the banns called.

But he was wrong. He had forgotten human pride and the misery it can cause. Within weeks a quarrel separated them.

It happened this way. Tom, without any doubt whatever in his mind, called often at Hollinground on his way to Underscar Flats. Sometimes he took Linda. Sometimes, when she was at the village school, he drove there alone. If Margaret could spare an hour or two, she would walk around the saltings with him, both of them keeping a watchful eye for any sheep that might be in trouble.

One sharp but sunny morning they were idling on Underscar Island. The tide was right out, the distant sea a sheet of grey and lilac, its near fringe a lazy gentleness of foam. The grass of the washed turf shone emerald, and the channels were winding mirrors reflecting the brilliance of the sky. Away to the east the great fells reared themselves up as barriers of shadowed purple. It was a morning that almost sang.

Tom linked his arm in Margaret's. Very naturally, without choosing his words, he started to say what had been in his mind since she had come back to Hollinground.

"I can't believe it, lass," he began.

"Can't believe what, Tom?"

"That we're here together. It's like a fairy tale." When Margaret kept silent he shuffled his toe in the damp sand. "Life's been difficult, all right, these past few years. But for Linda, I don't know how I'd have stuck it."

Margaret smiled. "She's sweet."

"I'm more than glad you like her. She's fairly crazy about you. And now you and me are back on the old footing, lass, back to where we were before I lost my senses in Blackpool. . . ."

He was holding out his arms, but she stepped away from him.

"Are we, Tom? Aren't you rather taking things for granted?"

He stared in shocked bewilderment. "Margaret!"

"Aren't you?"

Groping desperately for the right answer, he blurted out: "Aye, likely. But you've led me to believe. . . ."

There he stopped, because her eyes no longer smiled.

"I've done nothing of the sort," Margaret said, in an even, rather toneless voice. "Of course I was glad to see you again. Though you've no idea of the hell I went through, it would have been stupid to bear a grudge. We're friends. But that's a different matter."

A more observant man would have read the pain and the pleading in her face. He would have seen that she loved him still and was only grappling with her pride. But Tom, hurt and a little angry, missed what would have made all the difference.

"But, lass! This is no way to talk. We were made for each other. Folk have always said so."

"And yet you married somebody else." There was no rebuke in her manner, but her control seemed ominous, frightening. "I don't want to rake up the past. It's over and done with. Perhaps we really were made for each other. But I'm not so certain."

A LONG, painful silence fell between them. He broke it at last, huskily. "I don't understand," he said.

"No, Tom. I don't think you do."

Too forthright, too inexperienced to dispense with words and take her in his arms, Tom could only stand there feeling bruised and resentful.

"I'm sorry you're upset," Margaret said gently.

Tom drew in a noisy breath. "And I'm sorry I've bothered you," he muttered, and turned towards the shore. "We'd best be going."

He took her back to Hollinground and drove on home. Not beginning to grasp the truth, he believed he had lost her. The fall from the heights to the depths was stupefying. He wanted

to run away from his thoughts, and the only escape he could find was in work, and more work.

There were always wall gaps to mend, or drainage gutters in his dale fields to be cleaned up. Several trees had to be felled for winter firing. He chose three in a swampy spot by the river, and used Judy, the twenty-year-old mare in semi-retirement, to haul them clear.

Linda had her lunch at the village school. When she came back in the afternoons he had always, until now, played with her until her bedtime. He still did his best, but every so often he failed to pretend and lapsed into silences.

A fortnight went by. Again and again Tom decided to go down to Hollinground and plead with Margaret. Again and again he decided hopelessly: *What's the use?*

THEN, one Saturday afternoon, he was working at a wall gap, with Linda playing nearby. She had a toy tractor and trailer on a string, and kept loading tiny bits of stone and hauling them across to him. He took little notice, and presently the blue eyes of the six-year-old child grew wistful, puzzled.

Her gloved fingers touched his wrist. "Don't you feel well, Daddy?"

He managed to laugh. "I'm all right, lass."

"Oh!" She stood there watching him thoughtfully. "I do wish we could see Auntie Margaret again. I like her. Why can't we see her?"

Tom said to the ground, scarcely aware of the child: "I've lost her."

Linda looked puzzled. "Can't you find her?"

Tom made a queer sound. Since Linda was too young to understand, he went on speaking half to himself. "I lost her on Underscar Island."

Linda's head tilted sideways. Here was something where she could help. She was good at finding when they played hide-and-seek at school. She had been to the island lots of times and knew every bit of it. It was a long way, but Judy could take her.

She nodded to herself. It would be a nice surprise for Daddy when she came back with Auntie Margaret.

A minute later she was away along the road to the field where Judy browsed. From a scrubby hazel she broke a twig to guide her by.

The child could do anything with the old mare. Climbing up the wall and plumping down on her broad back was easy. One hand gripping the mane, and the other flicking the twig, she said: "Gee up!"

Judy obliged, plodding stolidly down the road. Farther along there was a footpath following the river, a shorter way to the coast than by road. Her head and shoulders bobbing above the flanking stone walls, Linda coaxed Judy over to the path. She was enjoying herself.

It was not until four o'clock that Tom missed her. He lifted the last few camstones, set them on top of the wall, and shouted: "Come on, lass. Tea-time!"

Getting no answer, he shouted once more, and stared around. There was no sign of her in the Home Field, Tup Close or Tarn Ling. Vaguely anxious, he crossed to the river bank. There'd been no rain for days, and this stretch of the Ire was a mere foot of water. If she had tumbled in, she would have got herself out.

Likely she had gone back to the house and was playing with her dolls. Aye, that would be it. He started to tramp home. Banks of high cloud were drifting over. It would be dark in an hour.

He walked into the kitchen. The house was silent.

"Linda! Linda, lass! Where are you at?"

He went on calling, searching for her about the stackyard. His uneasiness was deepening to sharp alarm. At the end of ten minutes, not knowing quite what to do, he wondered whether she might have gone down the road a bit. His neighbour, Bill Todd, of Borranstead, had children. She could be there.

He got out his car, drove the half-mile through the deepening twilight. At the entrance to the Borranstead yard he met Bill humping a load of cut brackens, bedding for his beasts in the byre.

Bill said: "Linda? Nay, she's not here. But I saw her, a good two hours since. Just a glimpse above top of wall, riding your Judy down the dale. Of course, I took it you'd be with her."

Tom said with a catch in his voice: "A bairn of her age. But mebbe someone's taken care of her. I'll be getting along down the dale."

He drove fast, hoping that every bend would reveal Judy and the child on their way home. Now and then the increasing darkness was drenched by a brief wildness of light as the rising moon found gaps among the clouds.

He was close to Hollinground when worry overcame everything else. He stopped the car, hurried over, and knocked on the kitchen door.

Margaret opened it. Her eyes widened. She moistened her lips and said: "Hallo, Tom."

"I've lost Linda."

She stared at him. She said tautly and quickly: "Then you weren't with her?"

"What d'you mean?"

Her left hand grabbed his arm. Her right was pointing. "It would be a couple of hours ago. I was fetching in some washing. For a few seconds I caught sight of Judy with Linda on her back—in the distance there, along the path by the river. I couldn't see much, with the trees in the way. I never dreamed you weren't with her. I thought you'd be walking down to have a look at your sheep, and giving her a ride."

He said: "Whatever could have made her. . . ?" He broke off, for suddenly he had guessed the truth.

"What is it, Tom?" Margaret asked. His expression appalled her.

He told her in jerky sentences. And in those moments the barrier between them was gone.

"Oh, Tom!" Her whisper was stricken. "Searching for me. . . ."

"Aye, a kiddie of that age wouldn't understand. I said I'd lost you there, and——" He was running back to the car and calling hoarsely over his shoulder: "It'll be high tide soon, and the island's already under water."

"I'm coming with you. . . ."

At a desperate speed he drove for Underscar Flats. In snatches of talk they tried to convince each other that Linda would have seen the water coming in, and made for the shore.

He swung down the dead-end lane branching from the coast road. The headlights picked out the rough, empty surface.

He left the lights on to guide them over the dunes. Beyond those yellow shafts the night was a black wall, the murmuring sea invisible. An alarmed sheep scuttled off into the darkness. They reached the line of crumbling mounds fringed by the beach itself, and a sudden flood of moonlight poured down. Water glimmered everywhere in dim, greenish-silver flow. There was no island. The sea sucked and slid over it.

Margaret's hands sought his, offering vain comfort. She forced herself to speak confidently. "She's on the shore somewhere. That's what it is. Perhaps Judy lost her way. They'll be along this stretch between the shore and the coast road. We'll find them, Tom . . . we'll find them."

He said nothing, still staring at the sea as if it hypnotized him. The lazy foam and the slightly heaving sheen of the water had a vast, uncaring cruelty. The gap between the clouds stayed wide, the moon glaring as if to prove the final emptiness of it all.

The grip of Margaret's hands tightened fiercely. "Look. What's that?"

Beyond the edge of the foam, floating among the incoming ripples, was something small. Tom ran in up to his knees, snatched it from the water. It was Linda's tiny blue beret.

Words choked in Margaret's throat. She pressed her face against his shoulder. He stood motionless, disbelieving, the sodden beret dripping between his hands. Then he began to turn it over and over in his fingers, squeezing it, stroking it.

"Linda, my little Linda. It can't be. Nay, it can't!"

MARGARET was trembling. She was saying: "How can things like this happen? A little girl of six. Tom, she did it for me. I'll never want to be forgiven." Her voice broke.

"Hush, lass." His arm went round her. "Don't talk that way. It can't help." He was staring at the sea again. Then he spoke with slow, dogged reason. "I reckon what happened was she went across on her own. Judy's not fond of wet ground. Perhaps Linda slipped off her back and left her grazing. And then. . . ." His voice trailed into silence.

Recovering himself, he said: "We'll warn the coastguards. They'll take out a boat."

But just then there were muffled sounds among the dunes, a padding scarcely audible. And suddenly Margaret's voice rose in a shrill cry. Over there in the marram grass plodded the brown bulk of Judy, water draining from her flanks and legs. And squatting on her back was Linda.

Tom let out a great shout. Judy whinnied, heading towards them. Linda smiled sleepily. She looked at Margaret with rounded eyes.

"I went to find you, and Daddy's found you first. The water came in, and Judy had to swim, didn't you, Judy? It seemed such a long way, and the sea wouldn't let her swim straight, and when we got to the beach it wasn't here."

Tom was lifting her from Judy's back, hugging her to him. She pointed at the beret and smiled delightedly.

"You found that, too. It dropped off while Judy was swimming." She turned to Margaret. "Please don't get lost again, Auntie."

Margaret shook her head happily. "Never again, Linda," she said. "I'm going to be with you both, always." THE END

© *Dudley Hoys, 1958*

. . . Spring . . . . . .

Milk-white light that pours as if
through muslin,
And spangled air; the smell of
flowering currant,
And of grass growing.
Far off, the red cock crowing,
And like a silk-blue sea, or lawns
bleached linen grey
With a web of blue, all summer
trembling ahead,
And the white hope of tomorrow,
and days that open
Wide as children's or daisies'
pearl-fringed eyes.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Bobby Charlton was

a nervous

teenager before

the Munich disaster.

Now he packs

the Cup Final hopes

of Manchester

in his boots

The new hero of the small boys of Manchester, Charlton has played a vital part in United's battle to reach Wembley. From being a reserve he has now become a potential Cup-winner

Charlton, with a friend, Valerie Mollard, renews acquaintanceship with Dr. Sigrid Jaacks from the Rechts der Isar Hospital, Munich

THE BABE WHO CAME BACK

by PETER JACKSON

As the airliner bringing the Manchester United party home from Yugoslavia crashed at Munich Airport on February 6, Bobby Charlton, still strapped to his seat, was thrown a hundred yards clear from the wreckage.

A few seconds before, he and his teammates had been singing to celebrate the 3—3 draw with the Red Star club in Belgrade which had taken United into the semi-final of the European Cup. Charlton, at twenty one of the youngest "Busby Babes," sang more cheerfully than anyone else. He was holding a regular place in the first team after five years in the junior elevens, and had scored two goals against Red Star.

Charlton was sitting in the middle of the airliner when it crashed into a building at its third attempt to take off in bad weather. He was huddled unconscious in the snow, bleeding from cuts in his head and hands, as the wrecked plane came to rest and goalkeeper Harry Gregg and full-back Bill Foulkes struggled clear of the twisted fuselage to organize rescue work.

Several hours later Bobby Charlton recovered consciousness in the Rechts der Isar Hospital at Munich. He was one of the least badly injured and soon learned that seven of his teammates, including his best friends, David Pegg, Eddie Colman and Tommy Taylor, had been killed. Seven others and manager Matt Busby were in hospital with him.

Three weeks after the crash Charlton, with scars still showing on his cheek and the back of his head, appeared on the left wing when Manchester United visited West Bromwich Albion in the sixth round of the F.A. Cup.

Charlton was not expected to make very much difference to the result of a match which, football writers agreed, the new, hastily assembled United could not win. Before Munich he had been rated a promising youngster who could kick a ball harder than most players but whose play generally lacked thrust. He was playing with teenagers against the Albion's high proportion of internationals.

In the opening minutes of the game Charlton tackled two opponents to get the ball in the Albion penalty area, lost the ball as he slipped and fell, but recovered it, bustled past two more defenders and passed to Ernie Taylor, who scored.

The goal helped the United to draw 2—2. It also provided the first glimpse of a new Bobby Charlton, whose fierce brilliance has taken the rebuilt Manchester United to Wembley.

Douglas Slight, a Manchester reporter who flew to Munich within hours of the disaster, says: "Charlton escaped to find he was one of the few reasons why the club had not been completely wiped out. Since then, he has made the future of United almost a personal issue."

In the last minute of the Cup replay with West Bromwich, Charlton body-swerved past two Albion players, brushed aside a heavy tackle and made the pass for the match-winning goal, which put Manchester United into the semi-final.

In this match Charlton's two goals enabled United to draw with Fulham at Villa Park. He almost won the game a few minutes from the end when he ran through the entire Fulham defence and shot against the crossbar.

He made the opening for the all-important

Continued on page 28

A TASTE

For forty honest years Mr

would make a p

MADAME APPRIN had sent me a telegram. She had to see me at once, she said. And now she was here: I could hear the groan of the old lift, the click of her heels in the hotel corridor, then her knock. I opened the door, shook hands, and let her into my room.

How do you tell a woman's age? I am thirty-three and I thought she was a knock-out, but I knew she was older than I. My room had one chair, which I offered her, but she wouldn't sit down. She paced backwards and-forwards, letting off a stream of French. Although she didn't go as far as to say so, it was plain that she considered me a monster.

"Why?" I said.

Madame Apprin flung up one arm as if justice were hanging from the chandelier. "Why?" she repeated, and she was off again on her pet theme: that I did not understand that a woman had to live; that a woman needed more than mere bread and coffee. She sounded as if she were being forced to take in washing, but if her shoes cost less than ten thousand francs, I'll eat them.

"But I pay you a hundred thousand francs a week and this is not the tourist season," I said. *Nearly £100,* I thought. *And for what?*

"You have paid me a hundred thousand francs a week for one week," she said.

"I'll pay you for this week, too."

She ignored me. "I found the man you were looking for," she went on. "A feat impossible for you, a foreigner."

This was true. I had been looking for William Anstruther, the bank robber, and she had found him for me. That was what I had engaged her for. I didn't think it had been too hard. She knew every café, tea-shop, restaurant and hotel in Cannes.

"Come, madame," I said sternly. "What is it you want, another ten thousand a week?"

Madame Apprin drew herself up. "M'sieur Anstruther has offered me a thousand pounds—sterling—to go to Istanbul with him."

"But you have an agreement with me, signed," I said. "You intend to dishonour it? You are leaving my employment? You are going to Istanbul?"

She collapsed a little. Lines appeared in her face. "But, m'sieur," she said. "I am a poor woman. . . ."

I wanted to think. I said: "Have some

From my seat by the tree I could see there had been a crisis. Then Madame Apprin rose, spat out three words, and slithered away

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

E OF CHAMPAGNE

. Hay had counted out the cash. He

erfect bank robber . . .

by ALLAN SEAGER

liqueur, madame?" I took out a bottle of Grand Marnier and some glasses.

She sat down. By the time she had finished the liqueur, I had made my plan.

"I can't pay one thousand pounds," I said.

"But naturally," she said sympathetically.

"I can't follow you two to Istanbul. . . ."

"Certainly not."

"Have you thought of the hotels? And the food?"

She winced, but said nothing.

"When will you leave?" I asked.

But her loyalties, such as they were, had already shifted to one thousand pounds. Her face changed. It became secretive. She shrugged. "When Mr. Anstruther wishes. . . ."

I stood up. I knew I was going to be busy.

"Our little agreement, m'sieur," said Madame Apprin quickly. "There are two days I have worked this week."

She was amazing. I counted out what I owed her, and she tucked it away.

"You are a good man, m'sieur. I regret that it is not you who has the thousand pounds."

I wanted to say that, if I had, I wouldn't blow it on her, but she was a beautiful woman with the confidence of her looks. It was a compliment. We shook hands. I bowed her out.

I could have taken the whole matter to the French police and asked them to extradite the man she had found for me, but there were objections, tedious and complicated. France is a highly centralized country. Everything must go through Paris. Speed was important. It would be quicker to handle the affair myself.

I got down to the street only a hundred yards behind her. I followed her down to the Croisette and along the seafront as far as the Carlton.

There are palm trees in front of the Carlton. It is one of those big iced-cake hotels built long ago when the British were chic and war was unthinkable. Rolls-Royces breathe softly along the promenade in front of it. It takes poise to go up to it on foot. Madame Apprin not only went up to it; she went in and the doorman bowed slightly as she passed.

When I thought she had had time enough to disappear, I went in. "Is Mr. William Anstruther staying here?" I asked the receptionist.

When you stay at an hotel in France they want your name, passport number if you are a foreigner, purpose of visit, where you came from and where you're going. In twenty minutes the card you sign is in the nearest police station.

If you wish to remain a private person—if, for instance, you are a fugitive criminal—you memorize your passport number and give a different name every time. (It would be rudeness in an hotel man to ask to see a passport.) My man was here; he had signed as Thomas MacIvor in Paris, Philip Small in Lyons, and his real name was Bert Hay. Madame had told me that his Cannes name was Anstruther.

When the different names you have signed above the same passport number reach Paris, a terrible confusion results and it takes weeks to untangle it. They only catch up with you if you make an extended visit to France, and that was why Mr. Bert Hay was going to Istanbul.

The receptionist said that Mr. Anstruther was not in his room. Did I wish to leave a message? I thanked him and said no. I thought for a moment of going up to his room and talking Madame Apprin into letting me hide so I could pop out and catch him when he returned, but I was afraid that in her present fever of rapacity she might turn me in to the police. No, she was going to have to lead me to him.

IMMEDIATELY I checked with the airlines, steamship lines, three freighter offices, and the owners of a couple of private launches. No William Anstruther or Madame Apprin had yet taken tickets to go to Istanbul or anywhere. It was unlikely that Madame Apprin would give a false name. She was French, and the French have such scorn for their police that only if involved in a *grand crime* will they bother to dissemble; and going to Istanbul for a thousand pounds is not a *grand crime*.

I felt fairly easy in my mind, but I lunched in the Carlton dining-room to stay close to them. It is almost impossible to eat a light lunch in a French restaurant of any standing. I did myself well and, when I spoke to the receptionist again afterwards, he told me Mr. Anstruther had paid his bill and gone. That is what comes of making a god of your stomach.

It is also what comes of not being a real detective. The insurance company had sent me on this job because I could speak French and they felt that, since Mr. Bert Hay was not a professional criminal, the language was more important than

the know-how. I had read a great many detective stories and I was full of confidence, since they had assured me that an amateur like Hay wouldn't know how to cover his tracks.

He had covered them pretty well, I thought. I hired a car and drove down to the Italian border. No Englishman had come through that day at all. I was practically certain now that I was going to lose my job. I couldn't imagine where they had gone.

When I did think of it, I nearly plunged off the road into the sea. Here I was driving a hired Citroën. Why couldn't he have hired one, too?

I drove to one of the big garages that hire out cars. Although such things are commonplace, they had never heard of an English gentleman travelling with a Frenchwoman, not even after I had laid out a thousand-franc note.

I went to the office of a second garage without success. On my way out I asked the man at the petrol pump. He displayed the customary polite blankness at first. Then I passed the thousand-franc note and a miracle occurred. Yes, a French lady had hired a 4 CV Renault only this morning.

"Was there an English gentleman with her?"

"Not with her, exactly. He waited across the street and only got into the car when I was filling it with petrol."

"Did you happen to hear them mention a destination?"

A film covered his dark Mediterranean eyes and I rustled a second thousand-franc note. He said: "They were speaking about hotels in Aix."

I got into my car and drove to Aix.

I HAD to determine where to look next, and I thought I might as well have a drink while I was thinking. I went back to the main street, picked the café nearest my parking place and found a table in front of the building. I had made a list of the hotels I would visit, and I was taking my second sip of beer when I had my lucky break.

Madame Apprin, talking volubly, was being seated two tables in front of me by Mr. Bert Hay. I was not quite close enough to overhear them.

The pair were like a motionless tree and a fluttering bird. I cannot honestly say Mr. Hay was devouring her with his eyes, but he didn't take them off her. He looked very much like a retired colonel.

They had told me you could set your watch on workdays by Mr. Hay's departure for the office. He had wound up this unspectacular career with a gold watch, bestowed by the management, and a bag containing over £5,000 bestowed by the management only in the sense that they had trusted him to bring the bag back from the bank full of the money. Instead he had locked up in the office safe a bag full of cut-up paper, the same weight to the ounce.

The bag had not even been opened until the next day, thereby giving Mr. Hay a twenty-two hour start for Paris before the management knew. . . .

At last Mr. Hay shook his head. It was like watching a silent film. Madame Apprin's face was as mobile as any actress's, and expressions of extreme pain fled across it at ten-second intervals.

Suddenly there was a crisis. I could tell by Madame Apprin's eyebrows. She rose slowly, spat out three words, and slithered away among the tables.

Mr. Hay said: "Marie-Claude!" in a commanding voice, but she did not look back. They had quarrelled.

Mr. Hay played descending arpeggios on the marble top of the table with the fingers of one hand. His face had not changed, but he looked lonely and I thought perhaps now was the time to go over and speak to him.

"You're English, aren't you?" I said, palming myself off as one of those lonely tourists who think they have a right to break in on any other Englishman's privacy.

Hay looked up spryly, cocking his head sideways like a robin. "Sit down, young man," he said. "Join me for a drink, won't you?"

I took some whisky, and before the waiter had left the table, Mr. Hay had started talking. He *was* lonely. "Just had a fight with my mistress." There was pride in his use of the word and suddenly I understood more about him.

"That's too bad," I murmured, wanting to let his talk flow.

"Oh, I don't know that it is. I wanted her to go to Istanbul—Constantinople, we used to call it. I wanted to look at Asia. But no, by George, she wasn't having any of that. Afraid of the food, afraid of the beds, afraid of the weather. The French are a pretty provincial set of people, come to think of it. Yes, I offered that girl a thousand pounds if she'd go to Constantinople with me but I couldn't get her to leave France, so I turned her off with two hundred."

"That's a lot of money, even so," I said.

"You're right it's a lot of money, and I robbed a bank to get it." His face was perfectly sober but his eyes were screwed up a little as if he didn't expect me to believe him.

"How did you and she talk together?" I asked. "Do you speak French?"

"I do. I studied it every night for the last year or so. Had a grammar book and some of those records. It's not hard. There's one thing, though, I never ran into. What does *vous sale type* mean? You dirty type?"

"That's the literal translation."

Twice as old as I was, he looked me in the eye, sly, shrewd, and I felt rather than saw that he was amused.

"I was a town councillor for twenty-nine years," he said. "I was a governor of two schools, and president of the boys' club. My wife and I used to read to each other out of the *National Geographic* after the children were grown up and gone.

"We were married"—and here he sighed—"forty-four years. I had saved up some gold pieces for our golden wedding, but she died. Heart. One day she was wondering what we should eat for supper to make a change, next day she was gone. You couldn't know how a man feels then, could you, a young fellow like you?"

"No," I said. I felt uneasy somehow, not as right as I had been.

"It was as if I had been split in two. Some nights I would feel her, a kind of an ache, in the other bed. Get up, turn on the light . . . bedspread smooth, she wasn't there, of course. You can't stand that kind of thing very long, not at my age, so that's when I started to think, and it occurred to me that I might as well rob the bank."

"But why? You had had an honorable career. They trusted you."

He brushed that consideration aside and nearly knocked his drink off the table. "Why?" he said. "The usual reason—the other life."

"What do you mean? What other life?"

"You a married man?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then you should know what it is, the other life. There's not a man in the world that doesn't know about it. It's the life you might have led if you hadn't married."

I had been married only four years, but I knew. Sometimes, when the kids were screaming in the middle of the night, I would look out of the window with one of them in my arms and think how I might be doing research chemistry.

"Yes. I know what it is," I said.

"Now, you understand, I married out of choice. So did you. If we'd wanted another life, we could have had it."

"Yes," I said.

"But you always wonder. Don't you?"

"Yes. And when it turned out that you were alone, you felt you'd earned it."

"Earned it? No, boy, nothing like that. I thought it was the only way to forget her. Turn myself into another man, you see? Live out all the other things as if I'd never been a husband at all."

I said: "So you decided to be a criminal."

"I didn't *decide* to be a criminal. You think anybody does? I never thought of it one way or the other. I just needed money, a lot of it, and the problem was how to get hold of it."

He looked at me for a second, calmly, as if he felt he had already said too much. Then he grinned.

"This firm I worked for paid out five thousand every pay day. Now, for the last fifteen or twenty years, I'd been going to the bank every Thursday morning in a car to pick up the money. I used to bring it back in an old gladstone bag. Scared me to death. I never carried a gun."

"Mr. Hay, when did it first occur to you to take the money?"

"After the funeral I wore a black band around my arm for six months. The neighbours brought me food, baked beans, mashed potatoes, and they asked me over to watch TV so I didn't have to sit alone in the evenings.

"After I took off the band, they stopped, as if you throw away the grief with a little piece of cloth. Then I thought, *what am I going to do with myself?* And I found I'd had that notion of the other life like an old postcard in my pocket all the time. That's when I decided. I started studying French."

"The other life was in France?"

"Where else? If you'd never made a mistake in a trial balance, gone to church every Sunday, and wiped the dishes every night for forty-four years, you'd want pretty women, champagne, roulette-playing, and palm trees. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"I was sixty-four. Retirement age is sixty-five. I had about a year to make my plans. So I got all the travel stuff for a trip to Canada. . . ."

"That was pretty clever." It had been, too. My bosses, the insurance company, had checked with the Atlantic shipping lines for two days.

"Well, it came to the day before I was to retire, and that night they gave me a little farewell dinner, and the managing director gave me a gold wristwatch, sign of faithful service." He

We take them by the billion—to cure

Gulp!-

SIX years ago a doctor patient was sent home from hospital to his Sussex village home, not because he was cured but because he was soon to die. Being a doctor, he knew it. He had had tuberculosis for thirty-seven years, since 1914, when one of his lungs was collapsed to keep the disease dormant.

In 1929 it had flared up again, and he had to have the lung removed. Now the disease had appeared in the empty lung cavity. Further surgery was useless. At home, he soon developed the symptoms of advanced TB—fever, drowsiness. "Frequently," he recalls, "I went to bed soon after lunch, tired out."

One day he read of a new drug, isoniazid, which was being used in America and he arranged through a medical friend to get some. Nothing much happened during the first week of taking the pills, but during the second week there was a marked improvement. In a few months he was well enough to give up the tablets, and he has been a fit man ever since.

These pills are now usually given with injections of streptomycin, another anti-TB drug, and this combination has proved so effective that the number of deaths from TB has been reduced to little more than a quarter of that of six years ago. It is now scarcely regarded as a killing disease.

The power of isoniazid was discovered during routine research in America, but it is only one of the advances which have made pills, in their modern form, the major medicine of the civilized world.

According to the latest Ministry of Health figures there were 226,116,091 National Health prescriptions in 1955. They cost £49,120,365—and nearly a fifth of them were for pills.

In 1956 prescriptions totalled 228,879,170 at a cost of £52,800,011, and the statisticians expect to find a similar proportion of pills when all the figures are ready.

About forty-eight tons of barbiturate, the sedative drug, are now consumed in Britain every year. That is £2 million worth—about a thousand million pills, or twenty for every man, woman and child in the country.

And there are more common pills. One firm turns out six million aspirins

anything from a heart attack to a hangover. The latest idea is . . .

and a pill radios your inside story

by ARTHUR JACOBS

The radio pill enables doctors to chart stomach ailments. Inset are the battery (left) and cap

a day. Headache, hangover, tiredness, constipation, insomnia, rheumatism, fatness—there are pills for most human afflictions, even leukemia, the killing blood disease.

This discovery was made by chance in the course of poison gas research during the last war. An American scientist recalled that mustard gas victims of the first World War had had the white cells in their blood destroyed. In leukemia the white cells multiply uncontrollably. Could the use of nitrogen-mustard as a medicine counteract this?

A pill was developed from a mustard gas derivative and given to a leukemia patient. He made a striking but only temporary recovery. Subsequent doses were less effective and he died.

Since then the drug has been improved. The pills still cannot cure, for they do not attack the disease, only its symptoms. But they can prolong life. One patient has been kept alive for two years.

Tranquillizing pills were strongly criticized at last year's meeting of the British Medical Association, yet some doctors approve of them. The effect of these pills, too, was discovered by chance. The original tranquillizer was marketed in 1952 as a sleeping pill.

But it was noticed that the pill put to sleep only about six out of ten people who took it. Further investigation showed that those who slept had been in a state of worry or anxiety when they took the pill, which had removed only the worry or tension so that sleep followed naturally. The remaining four were sleepless for other reasons and were unaffected by the new drug.

ONE tranquillizer that used to be sold without prescription was found to produce acute depression after continued use. It had a cumulative toxic effect and some people killed themselves in this drug-induced depression.

This emphasizes one of the problems facing pharmacists in deciding on the safe dose in a pill and the time between taking them. Some drugs, which have no harmful effect in small doses, may become dangerous if taken too frequently.

It was once very difficult to find out how long it takes the body to get rid of one dose of medicine. Today test pills are made radio-active. The amount of the drug in the body can then be detected easily with a geiger counter.

Once their correct strength has been decided, pills are easy to dispense, pack, store and carry. Most important of all, the dose is very accurate. Many preparations once dispensed as "the mixture" have now become pills. The ingredients are mixed expertly in the factory and no longer depend on a patient's haphazard shake of the bottle.

Modern methods of pill making are basically the same as in 1843 when William Brockedon, painter, writer and inventor, first fused medicinal powders together in a tiny mould with a hammer blow. Machines now stamp out tablets of all shapes and sizes in quantities so enormous that the figures have become meaningless. It would be as easy to estimate how many pebbles on a beach as the number of pills produced in a year.

Although pills are a long way from replacing the surgeon, operations can now sometimes be avoided through their use. The infection of the mastoid, which used to be quite common in children following ear trouble, is now rare—thanks to penicillin pills.

In 1949 a drug was discovered which, in its latest pill form—neo-mercazole—has gone some way towards replacing operations for goitre. People who have learned to live with their enlarged necks can control the other symptoms of the disease by taking the pills. They may postpone surgery indefinitely.

Tranquillizers have to some extent replaced leucotomy, the special brain operation for mental cases. Leucotomy, when introduced about twenty years ago, certainly calmed patients, but it sometimes went too far. After it some patients became impassive and uninterested in anything except eating and sleeping.

The operation is now more limited and its results are often beneficial. But pills of chlorpromazine and reserpine—two of the most modern drugs in mental treatment—have a generally more satisfactory effect. Tension, aggression and noisiness in a patient are reduced, but the intellect is not dulled.

Variations in the solubility of pills are one of the latest refinements now used in treating hay fever, asthma and similar allergies. The disadvantage of the drugs used to relieve these complaints has been that they were in the three-times-a-day type of pill which has to be taken on time.

A pill is now sold which contains dozens of tiny pills, each about a millimetre in diameter and all made to dissolve at different times. Some dissolve immediately to give prompt relief and the rest take up to twelve hours.

UNTIL recently doctors did not know of a drug to help heavy drinkers, but there is now a pill for which remarkable cures are claimed. It is named antabuse, and it works quite simply.

When alcohol is consumed it turns gradually into toxic substances which, in sufficient quantities, give the drinker a headache and the "morning after" feeling. The antabuse pills cause the alcohol to turn toxic very quickly. The drinker gets a hangover when normally he would be feeling rather merry. In time, having the "morning after" the day before becomes discouraging.

The most astonishing pill is one which travels through the body and sends out a continuous radio report of the conditions it encounters. This broadcasting pill is a plastic capsule 1¼ in. long and two-fifths of an inch in diameter.

It contains a tiny battery and a transistor—a very small radio component. At the end of the capsule is a thin rubber membrane which flutters in response to pressures in the stomach and intestines. The membrane movement is conveyed to a tiny electric coil in the capsule.

The result is a continuous, faint radio signal of varying frequency, which shows the different pressures throughout the digestive system—valuable information for the doctor. The signal can be picked up a few feet from the patient and recorded as a wavy line on a card. Or it can be watched on a cathode ray tube—a sort of gastric TV programme.

Some of the pills which doctors give their patients as medicine are, in fact, clinically useless. Doctors may order ineffective copies of pills to wean a patient from a drug. He continues to swallow what he thinks are the usual pills, but which may be nothing more than chalk and sugar.

Even a genuine pill is ineffective unless it will break up rapidly inside the patient and liberate the active medicines. Products of most big manufacturers do so, but one well-known pill was found to be ineffective because it would not dissolve, and is no longer used.

This was Blaud's pill, containing iron, in which women are sometimes deficient. It remained soluble only for a short time after manufacture, then hardened with storing. How many women used to say, "I'm feeling much better, doctor," for purely psychological reasons after taking Blaud's pills will never be known. THE END

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shoved up his sleeve and showed it to me.

"That was on Wednesday. I said I was going to leave for Canada the very next evening. What they didn't know was that I had a seat on a plane to Paris. I told the managing director I'd stay in harness right to the last, pick up the pay money the same as usual, finish at midday."

"But how did you get hold of the money?"

"There wasn't anything much to that. About six months before, one Thursday, I said to the bank cashier, 'Jim, just out of curiosity, how much do all these notes weigh?' And he put the bags on the scales, so I knew. All I had to do then was get some plain paper ready—cut and bundled and the same weight as the notes—and do a switch as soon as I got back to my office."

"How could you be sure somebody in your office wouldn't open the bag of paper before you'd got away?"

"They just wouldn't do that," he said. "They always opened it on Friday, pay day."

With a shock I felt what it was like to live in a small town. If, out of the iron force of custom, they had never opened the bag on a Thursday, they never would.

I shook my head as if in wonderment. I said: "I found that a very interesting story, Mr. Hay. . . ."

"I thought you would."

"But what are you going to do now? Go to Istanbul by yourself?"

"Well, no," he said and looked me straight in the eye. "I sort of bargained on going back with you. You're a detective, aren't you?"

"Well, er, yes."

"For the insurance company, I suppose." He nodded his head toward Madame Apprin's vanished form. "She told me you were on my trail and that we had to get out of Cannes quickly. We came up here to argue, and I still do not know whether I lost or won."

His calm flabbergasted me. "But what about the other life you were going to live?"

"Oh, I'll have another life all right. You insurance fellows will see to that."

"No, I mean. . . ."

"I know what you mean. You mean the life I'd planned. W-e-l-l, I'll tell you. You live too long. That 'other life' stuff is just romancing. For forty-four years I had my mouth all set for that first drink of champagne and when I got it . . . well, it just tasted rather sour. And that Marie-Claude. Golly, she was a pretty lass, but if I'd hung around with her, I'd have gone broke in another month or two. I was just a walking gold mine to her.

"And now I'll tell you something, for whatever good it may do you. If you've got any private notions of doing anything else but what you are doing, give 'em up, get rid of 'em, or else, when you get around to doing it, your champagne'll taste sour, too, and you'll feel like the fool I am."

He was cheerful all the way back to England. So cheerful he bothered me and I asked him why.

"Why? Because, when this trial's over, I'm going to have something to do. I won't have to sit in an empty house and think. That's a big thing when you are an old man and all alone."

But if he thought he was going to have a long, comfortable prison term, he was wrong. I was a witness at his trial. Half the citizens of his town turned out as character witnesses—doctors, lawyers, ministers, town councillors, youth leaders—and, to my astonishment, officials of the company whose money he had stolen. There was a genial air about the occasion.

Everybody was glad to see Mr. Hay back again, and you would have thought he was being tried for speeding. All he got was nine months. Recently, I had a contented letter from him. He's kept busy gardening at the prison, and seems to be having a fine time. THE END

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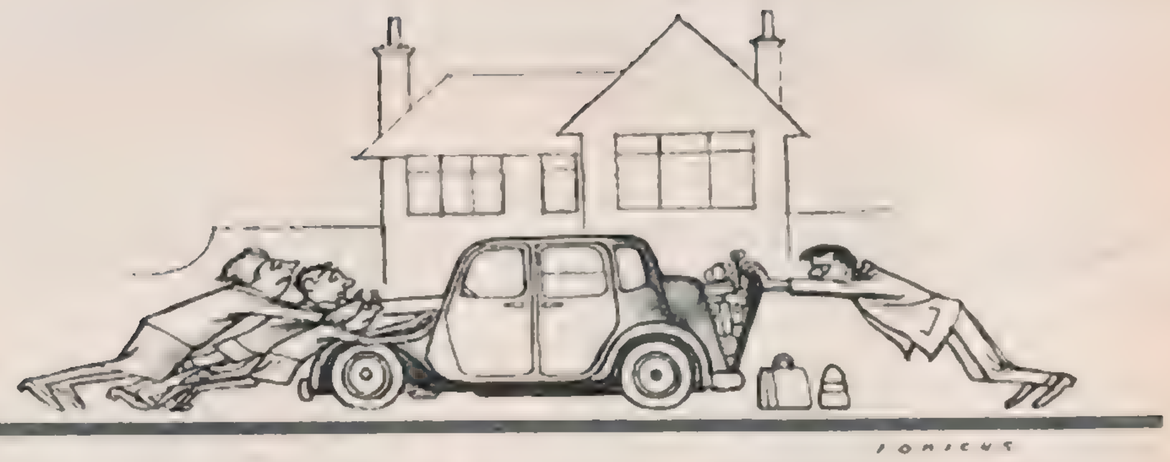
IN SHORT



Words Of Wisdom

As a twenty-three year old Member of Parliament, I often had the opportunity of listening to Ramsay MacDonald's fine, resonant voice. When he spoke, he listened to the sound of it himself with obvious appreciation. I remember a day when Lloyd George, himself a superb orator, came into his room in the House of Commons in despair after trying to galvanize MacDonald's 1929-1931 Labour Government to DO something effective about unemployment. I was waiting for him there. "Oh God," I remember him saying to me, "there was Ramsay, enchanted by the music of his own voice! That fellow really thinks that words are sounds." "Well," said I, innocently, "aren't they?" "No," snapped L.G. "Words are Deeds."

FRANK OWEN

Any Complaints?

This is the washing machine? Well, I suppose I *could* repair it.

I should hope so. It's nearly new.

Well, it's not working now, is it?

That's why I've called you in.

Have you thought how much repairs are going to run you into compared with the cost of a reconditioned machine? As a matter of fact, I happen to know where I can lay my hands on a good one.

But if it's repaired properly it ought not to need anything more done to it for ages.

It'll need reinsulating for a start. Then I suppose you know that it's suffering from rotation irregularities. The leads are an obsolete pattern. I wouldn't call the switch safe. Do you know what I mean by secondary seepage?

No.

Perhaps it's just as well. Not a very good finish to this job, was there? They skimped a bit on the interior wiring. Do you ever get a blue flash through the washing when it's in use?

It's been perfectly all right until it just stopped.

Perhaps it might have been better if you *had* had a blue flash. Given you a warning before the real damage was done. Very different from the machine I was just telling you about. You can see the firm that made that loved their work.

I'm sure I could never live up to it. You'd better find a home for it where it would be appreciated.

Oh, well, if you're not interested, I'll just mend the fuse for you.

R. G. G. PRICE

How Old Is Old?

This side of forty you are said
To lack experience,
And after that, until you're dead.
The weight of years prevents
Your stepping briskly up among
The leaders of the fold.
Thus half your life you are too young
And half your life, too old.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Other People's Letters

Here I am after a terrible day and I will explain to you but I must beginning as ever from the moment which I left you. Then, at 3.30 the performance beginning. The voice was fine and my spirit very high but there were some black clouds that beginning to come up, and at the end of the first act, beginning to rein, thin, thin.

We beginning the second act, and the succes was great even as in the first act. I sing this two acts wonderfully and everybody were glad and enjoy very much. But in the second act when I sing the barcarola in which the words saying, "io sfido i venti, i lampi, i tuoni ecc" [I defy the winds, the lightning, the thunder] there were a really wind, laight and tonder. Which finish the clouds open and wather came down as a storm.

I went in my dressing room to be ready for the third act, and I was ready, when the wather beginning to come down in my dressing room. We stay like that for half an hour and the public was there with umbrellas and overcoats on the head. When I saw that was impossible to stay in the dressing room, I went out and put on a mantel and ask to the rest of the public which were in the box, "Watte we go to do?" They answer me, "Go home." Soon I undress under the reining which come down in the dressing room and come home.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of this column.

Foreign Affairs

Going through old papers a Swedish woman discovered unused meal tickets—for three breakfasts, three lunches and two dinners—which she had bought in 1911 from a travel agency. The firm refunded her money.

Detroit publisher Samuel Schiff believes that putting more money into circulation will beat the depression. On condition that they spend it on "something extra" he is giving each of his fourteen employees an extra five dollars (£1 15s.) for three weeks running.

Six demolition workers at Alexandria, Louisiana, set to work on the home of Paul Davis. They had pulled away the roof, upper storey and front porch before Davis arrived to tell them that it was the wrong house.

Mary, Mary . . .

Little girls seem keen to don
Long dresses they look grim in;
Putting up their hair in buns
To try and look like women.

Whilst women who by right can wear
Long robes, fur coats and pearls,
Put their tresses down again,
To try and look like girls.

JAMES BATCHELOR

The letter was written by Enrico Caruso to his American wife Dorothy, from Mexico City, on October 12, 1919.

Starke's Guide to Gardening

"Runner beans can be grown in town gardens with the right fertilizer. Canes, of course, are indispensable"

A sudden hard look came over Joe's face, a look Leonora had seen only once before. "Why don't you two girls leave this Mr. Bloxham?" he asked

Come to the FAIR

by JOHN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Leonora's pythons prepared to attack. Their rage was terrible—and their target was Battler Bill

SUDDENLY Bill was facing them. "Git on in," he told Leonora. He turned to the sailor. "And you git out of it." The sailor tensed, but then, in answer to the pleading in the girl's eyes, dropped his hands to his sides and began to walk away.

Bill said with easy contempt: "If ever you do want an argument, you know where to find me." And he raised his hand and pointed towards the boxing booth across the fairground.

"Battler Bill" Bloxham took on all-comers in the boxing booth, which was one of his father's side-shows. Leonora worked in another, "defying death" at the fangs of her two harmless pythons, Catherine and Kaa. She was engaged to Bill. Instead of giving her a ring, he had had his name tattooed on her back, saying that it was better than a ring because it wouldn't come off. Leonora's eager heart leaped at that—until she began to realize just what being married to Bill would be like.

There would always be other women in his life; women like Ivy, who, with Leonora's friend Petula, also worked in the side-shows. But it was to Leonora that Bill confided his fears for his eyesight after he had suffered two disastrous ring defeats. He needed her as he didn't need the others—and she felt that she could never let him down.

Leonora was lonely and unhappy. Life seemed to be closing inexorably in on her when she met a sailor visiting the fair. He was waiting for her when she finished her show one night, but they barely had

time to arrange to meet again next day before Bill came between them. . . .

"Git on in," Bill repeated now, and punched her in the small of the back. Leonora stumbled towards the caravan, clutching the toy rabbit the sailor had won for her at the fair.

In the caravan she dropped the rabbit as Bill swung her round. "You're my gel, ain't you?" he said. He hit her hard with his open palm on the side of her face. "Now git off to bed."

PART TWO

Petula Plans A Picnic

Bill let Leonora go, and she dodged round him. She saw him kick the rabbit in its plastic bag. She pushed past Mr. Bloxham as he stood outside the door. There was still a light in Mrs. Bloxham's caravan. She ran up the steps, and then she stopped at the top, afraid to go in. Her face was burning and she pressed it against the cold varnish of the door. She clung on to the doorknob and sobbed silently; but the doorknob began to rattle in her hand and Mrs. Bloxham called out: "Is that Lee? Can't you get in?"

She sat down on the steps. After a bit the light went out in the caravan; a chink of yellow, coming from under the door, suddenly disappeared. She saw Mr. Bloxham and Bill come out of the other caravan.

They didn't see her, though they passed quite close. They were arm in arm. Bill said something she didn't hear. Mr. Bloxham laughed and said: "Oh, you got to treat 'em rough, you got to let 'em know right away who's the master."

Leonora held her breath as they went by, not six paces away from her. The voices became a murmur, the steps died away in the distance.

She wanted the rabbit. So she got up at last and went on tiptoe, though there was nobody about, to Mr. Bloxham's caravan. The light had been left on. She spotted the rabbit lying in a corner. The plastic bag had been torn open by Bill's kick. She ripped it off, hugged the rabbit, and went warily towards the door.

There was nobody in sight. Clutching her trophy, she scurried across the twenty-yard gap between the two caravans. She didn't need to put the light on: her bunk was the one nearest the door.

She took the rabbit to bed with her, pushing it well down under the bedclothes lest anybody should see it in the morning. She pressed her hot face into the pillow; and if she cried, nobody heard her above the noise of Mrs. Bloxham's snoring. . . .

• • •

Breakfast was always porridge, bread and marge, and jam; but the men had eggs and bacon, cooked by Mrs. Bloxham as a tribute to their superior estate.

The men never appeared at breakfast—Mrs. Bloxham carried the eggs and bacon across to their caravan. So, bearing her burned offering, she went out toothless this morning, leaving a slice of over-frizzled bread in the pan. Ivy jumped up from her porridge and greedily wolfed it. She said: "We got better grub in clink."

Coming back to the table, she caught sight of the swollen eye, which until now Leonora had contrived to hide from her. She grinned happily and said, as Mrs. Bloxham came back again: "Somebody's been typewriting."

"Why don't you try to speak proper English, dear?" said Mrs. Bloxham. "Half the time I dunno what you're getting at." But she followed Ivy's glance and looked at Leonora.

"I fell down," Leonora said. She realized now that she'd been foolish to dab some powder on the eye. It made it look worse than ever.

Ivy said: "That's a good one. Why didn't you tell us one of your snakes bit you? Maybe somebody we know was just putting in a bit of practice. He sure needs it, duckie."

"Come with me, dear," Mrs. Bloxham said, striving to keep the peace. "I'll put some of the men's butter on it."

She led Leonora to the end of the caravan, where her little larder was. She cut off a sliver from the pat which was sacred to Mr. Bloxham and Bill; the men had to be Built Up, and she thought this couldn't be achieved on marge. She smeared it round Leonora's puffy eye and bruised cheek-bone.

"There. But you'll have to put plenty of make-up over it, else you'll look awful with them snakes." Mrs. Bloxham contemplated Leonora thoughtfully; then she faintly smiled. "You got to learn to humour them," she said. "You got to begin as you mean to go on. Mr. Bloxham's never lifted a hand to me: not in all our twenty years he hasn't, never. . . ."

• • •

"It's easy as pie," said Petula triumphantly, when Leonora consulted her as to how she could slip away from the Bloxhams for a while to go round the fair with the sailor.

"How?" cried Leonora. "Please, Pet, do say how!"

"We can tell them that you and I, instead of dinner, are going for a picnic. I'll buy some buns in a paper bag. We pretend to go off for our picnic. But as soon as you meet the flatty, I'll make myself scarce."

"But what will *you* do, Pet?"

"I'll have a picnic."

"Where?"

"Here, I think," said Petula, thoughtfully wrinkling up her nose. "It's ever so nice."

They were in a churchyard. Petula had chosen it, with quick intelligence, as a place where none of the show people were likely to go. They could be private here.

Yellow chestnut leaves floated down out of a blue sky. An old man was trimming yew trees but he took no notice of them. It was so quiet you could hear the chestnut leaves falling. Leonora had hardly ever known quiet before.

"I say, Lee," Petula said suddenly, "think of Mrs. Bloxham."

Leonora thought of her. "Well? What about her?"

"Bill hit you? Oh, yes he did; and he's not even married to you yet. Bill goes with Ivy; but he doesn't mean to marry Ivy. Not he. He wants you for his Mrs. Bloxham."

Leonora stared in horror at Petula; she had never dreamed that anybody else had seen those iron bars closing in on her.

Wrinkling up her nose like a rabbit about to nibble a lettuce-leaf, Petula went on: "Know what I'd do, if I was in your place. I'd vamoose. I would, Lee."

"But *where?*" And with that "where" Leonora made to Petula the admission she hadn't dared to make to herself, that she had already thought about running away. She shook her head. Tears came into her eyes. "Oh, Pet, I'm in such a muddle."

Petula said swiftly: "Don't worry! We'll think up something. Forget it for today. I'll have my picnic and you'll meet your flatty——"

"He's not a flatty," said Leonora.

"What?"

"He's a person."

Petula gazed at her thoughtfully. All at once she began to laugh, and soon Leonora was laughing too; it was impossible to stay grave for long when you were with Petula. Then, right over their heads, making them jump, the church clock boomed out the first stroke of the hour.

"Help, it's eleven!"

"I've got to brown myself, too," said Leonora.

The shows all opened at eleven-thirty. Hand in hand the two girls began to run gaily down the path between the chestnut trees. They were both caught up in a moment of happiness, and the old man trimming the yews smiled to see them as they ran laughing through the wrought iron gates.

Leonora browned herself all over, and put the make-up on thick over her eye, and went across to her tent. At twenty-five past eleven Mr. Bloxham came in, resplendent in his top hat, with a very faded carnation in his buttonhole.

"Git them snakes," he said. "No. Here a minute."

Leonora went to him. He put his

Cracked cups started me on a career of bringing back beauty to old china

hands on her shoulders and turned her towards the light.

"You fell down?"

"Yes, Mr. Bloxham."

"Well, lucky it don't show too much," he said. He regarded her gloomily. "Take that thing off."

"Oh, but please. . . ." She had put on the green top again to hide the tattoo mark between her shoulders.

"You ain't still got a cold?"

"Please, Mr. Bloxham, I——"

"You got tantrums, I think," said Mr. Bloxham. "Take it off."

Leonora did so, and had an unaccustomed awareness of her body as she stood before him.

Mr. Bloxham regarded her through narrowed eyes. "Don't let me see you wearing that thing again. You got to earn your keep, gel. Git them snakes, now; we're late starting."

He strode out. A moment later he was on his soap-box screeching: "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gents, take your places in the queue to see the bee-utiful jungle girl. Who'd be an explorer when he can have the beauties and the 'orrible perils of the savage jungle brought right to 'is front door for sixpence. . . ."

Leonora settled down on her cushions. Soon the first flatties came in—the mildly-curious, disparaging flatties of the morning session. Cold-blooded, they always seemed, by comparison with the livelier crowds of the afternoon and evening. They variously observed: "Gives me the willies," or, "I can't bear anything that wriggles"; or, regretfully, "Of course there's no *danger* to her, really."

Conscious of many eyes on her tattoo mark, Leonora longed for her green jacket. The snakes worried her too. Because the wick of the oil-stove was set too high, her pen was exceptionally hot, and the heat made them both restive.

Catherine as usual was the worst. She wrapped her hinder part round Leonora's arm and squeezed. She was capable of squeezing quite hard. Meanwhile her head, with a relentless piston-movement, went to and fro before Leonora's eyes. Her tongue moved swifter than a humming-bird's wings, so that it seemed like a wisp of smoke in front of her mouth.

Leonora sat up straight to push her away. And it was then, happening to glance up over her shoulder, that she saw the sailor coming in.

It was just the same as yesterday, the way his glance spoke to her. "One o'clock?" it said. "Outside the tent? You'll wait for me there?"

He'd got round almost to the exit before Leonora realized that he must have seen the tattoo between her shoulders. He couldn't have failed to, for he had come in at the very moment when she was leaning forward, fighting with Cat. The knowledge that he had seen it gave her the oddest feeling of hotness there.

She felt a new defiance inside her as she told herself: *Well, I'm glad he saw it; because now I shall tell him everything about the mess I'm in.*

There seemed nothing odd in her decision to confide in a stranger. She couldn't think of him as a stranger, save in the trifling respect that she didn't know his name. . . .

His name was Joe. Petula had found that out already by the time Leonora came running out of her tent at five minutes past one.

She called: "Here's Joe!"

They were standing together in the space between Leonora's tent and the booth next to it where Petula was tipped out of bed. He held paper-bags and packages awkwardly in both hands. Petula said: "I saw him waiting so I knew it must be him. Look, Lee, *he's* brought a picnic too! I'll be off now. I'll——"

"No, Pet, please." Leonora glanced at the sailor, to make sure he didn't mind. "There'll be time for the roundabouts afterwards. We'll show him our churchyard first."

She led the way there, glad to have Petula with her because, although it had seemed so easy to talk to Joe by looks, she was uncertain of herself when it came to using words.

The picnic began rather formally, with Joe unwrapping his little packets

I'm thriving on unlucky breaks

MY OWN BOSS

by Angela Drayson

THREE years ago I was asked what could be done with a beautiful Dresden china model of an eighteenth-century coach-and-four, including coachmen and postilions and two figures inside the coach. The model, valued at several hundred pounds, was two feet long and about ten inches high—and it was in seventy-six pieces.

It had been broken in transit from South Africa. I had never been faced with a china repair job like this before and the heap lay in my studio for months, a constant challenge. At last I sorted out the fragments and began the long job of sticking it together and making up missing parts.

It took several months and I worked on the final repainting every evening for three weeks. A groom checked my restoration of the harness for accuracy. When it was delivered to the owner it looked new and without a trace of a break.

I became a china repairer in 1949 at the age of thirty-nine. I had been making lingerie but became interested in china repair because a friend had a tiny, single-handed business mending cups and saucers.

When she decided not to carry on, she gave me the goodwill. I paid her £28 for a small electric oven used in the work and took over her one room in a Maida Vale mews. The rent was £2 5s. a week. She watched over me for a month while I learned how to rejoin broken china.

The business grew by recommendation and by the end of the first year I was employing five girls and the weekly overheads had risen to £30. The business made about £400 that year.

I bought an old army petrol oven that had been converted to electricity, as the one I had was by then too small. It cost £15 and does the work of an £80 kiln.

We quickly got a reputation for good repairs because soon after I started an inventor offered me a new kind of adhesive. It fills small gaps and, being impervious to hot water, makes cups, saucers, teapots and similar things as good as new again.

I began getting more and more requests to restore old china but it was not until 1951 that this side of the business really developed. A friend joined me as a partner and although she had no training she had a talent for modelling. We took over two more rooms—and the rent went up to £6 7s. 6d.

For all rejoining work we apply the adhesive and pack the piece carefully in a bowl of sand which holds it in place for overnight hardening. The next day the piece is put into the oven for forty minutes at a temperature of three hundred degrees Fahrenheit to complete the hardening.

Then the joint is rubbed smooth with very fine sandpaper and, if necessary, any design on the china is coloured to match the original.

But restoring china often calls for re-making missing pieces and we experimented for months trying to find a satisfactory modelling material. Then one day, quite by chance, we hit upon the ideal mixture—which is our secret. Our modelling medium can be rolled into strips or pressed into any shape.

Restoration is now the major side of our business. Having filled in a missing piece or remodelled a part we leave it overnight. By morning it has rough hardened and any fine detail work can be done with a surgeon's scalpel or various dentist's probes and hooks which make ideal tools.

The remodelled part is then fitted back into place with our adhesive, just as an original break would be, and goes through the oven. After sandpapering and colouring the restored part is indistinguishable from the whole and takes on the same "ring" as the original china.

Our cheapest jobs are simple repairs to cups with one break or a handle off, for which we charge 7s. 6d. The Dresden coach piece cost £125 and jobs costing £40 or £50 are not unusual.

One problem is that our girls leave to get married, and it takes about three months to train a new assistant and a year for her to become expert.

Last year we moved from Maida Vale to St. John's Wood where we have more room, and we now do about 150 jobs a month, with a turnover of about £4,000 a year, in an interesting business which brings me constantly in contact with beautiful things. THE END

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of sandwiches. Each of the packets was written on in a clear round hand: BACON, CHICKEN, TOMATO, JAM. This fascinated Petula, who asked why.

Joe shook his head. "I dunno really. It's Mother. She always does it. In case you might eat the jam before the bacon by mistake, I suppose."

There were also hard-boiled eggs, very small ones, the smallest Leonora had ever seen.

"Bantams," said Joe. "Mother keeps them."

There was salt screwed up tight in a roll of tissue paper. There were thick slices of plum cake. The girls, as usual, were ravenously hungry. Petula asked questions with her mouth full, but Leonora for most of the time was content to listen to the answers.

Joe told them that his father had been drowned early in the last war. Joe was nine then. They'd had four evacuees in the whitewashed cottage half-way up the mountain; but after Joe's father was "missing, believed drowned" they had eight. And now they were grown up and married and they brought *their* kids to the cottage for the holidays.

"Mother squeezes them in," Joe said, "like stray cats. You ought to see our cats. They're always having kittens, but of course Mother won't drown the kittens, not she. Cats everywhere! And the bantams. And the ducks. And the pony. Have another bacon sandwich?"

"To think," sighed Petula, when there wasn't a scrap left and not one of them could possibly have swallowed another mouthful. "To think she packed all that food just for the *two* of you." She shook the crumbs off her. "Wish we could eat like this every day. Mr. Bloxham's ever so mingy over our food."

"Why don't you girls leave this Mr. Bloxham?"

Joe's question came quickly, and there was a hardness in his look. It crossed Leonora's mind that she had seen that look before: last night, when he was facing up to Bill.

"One of these fine mornings," said Petula airily, "he won't see me for smoke. But for Lee, you see, it's difficult. . . ."

With thoughtful deliberation, Joe nodded. It was as if he said to Leonora: "Yes, of course; it is difficult." And she guessed that he was thinking of last night, when Bill had said to her *Git on in*, and that he was remembering the tattoo between her shoulders. He was putting two and two together.

Then, luckily, the church clock chimed.

"Half past one!" Petula said. "Now hurry, you two, or you'll miss your roundabouts. . . ."

IN the chairoplane the clamour died away, and their little carriage made a soft swishing sound as it rose and fell. Each time it dipped earthwards, the blare of the merry-go-rounds and all the confused noises of the fair seemed to bark at them, a brief loud yelp, and then the carriage soared off once more into quietness.

For five minutes they had been alone together in the carriage. Before that they had sped round the fair on feet as light as their spirits. But alas, the minutes had ticked round so quickly, and it was a quarter to two when they got into the chairoplane and sailed off into the sky.

Up, up, up, they went, until Leonora could look across the fairground at the clock on the church tower, with its golden minute hand pointing right at the middle of the IX; down, down, so fast that she left her inside behind her, diving headlong towards the candy-striped tent-tops; up again, higher than the handsome white lion which stood on top of the porch of the White Lion Commercial Hotel.

But very soon she stopped looking out of the little carriage in which she sat side by side with Joe. He had put his arm round her shoulders, diffidently, and she turned to him.

"About Bill," she said. "Bill and me. We was going to be married. I wanted to tell you."

For answer Joe did a surprising thing. As she leaned forward, her face averted from him, he moved his hand and lifted the back of her jumper. She felt him touch the tattoo mark between her shoulder blades, and with shyness or delight she trembled at his touch.

"It'll come off, you know," he said. Then she saw his smile suddenly fade as his hand went up to her face and he touched the bruise beneath her eye. He hadn't seen it before, because she'd put on such a lot of powder.

Joe spoke so quietly that she could scarcely hear him above the swishing of the wind.

"He hit you?"

For a fraction of a second the carriage seemed to pause and hang in the very eye of the sun. Joe's fingertip just brushed her cheek once more. He said again; "Last night, because of me, he hit you," and there was sheer astonishment in his tone.

Then the carriage fell away in its headlong dive towards the merry-go-rounds. The noise came up to meet them. She couldn't hide her tears any longer. She felt Joe's arm tighten round her shoulders and suddenly she was clinging to him, sobbing against the rough tweed of his jacket.

His hands met behind her back; and so he held her, not speaking, while the carriage rose again and fell again, four times up and four times down, two complete turns before she tugged herself free and saw the radiance of the sky rainbow-coloured through her tears. She blinked them away, and there was the church tower with its big clock face which seemed to frown at her, the two hands like wrinkles running across its forehead.

TEN to two! Even as she stared at the clock, its hand jerked past the X. All the bat's-wing fears came flapping back into Leonora's mind. "I'll be late!" she cried, pointing at the clock. Gone was the wonderful feeling of having sailed right out of the world. The world was waiting for her down below; a queue of flatties, Mr. Bloxham in his top hat.

In panic she turned to Joe, just as the carriage was plummeting down into the noise, so she couldn't hear what he said nor understand why he shook his head and smiled. Then they were flying upwards, and he had taken both her hands in his to pull her towards him.

"Nothing's going to matter any more," he was saying. "You've got to do what Petula said—you've got to run away."

"But where?" she cried. And just then she felt the sudden slowing-down of the machine. It threw her forward in her seat. She knew they were coming to earth at last.

"Home!"

She thought he meant her home, and shook her head. Then he said: "Mother's," and she was seeing the cottage she'd never set eyes on as if it were really home: the pony, the cats, the old woman who loved feeding folks.

"But she wouldn't——?"

"Mother likes it best when folks come unexpected."

But a girl he'd picked up at the fair, one who had never had a real roof over her head, a caravan-girl—what would she think about that? And what about the snakes?

There were only seconds left. She could feel the machine juddering as the brakes came on and the carriage swung low.

"I'll come, but——"

"The snakes," Joe said. "I've been thinking." They couldn't take the snakes on the back of the motor-bike, he said, but tomorrow he'd come in and fetch them. He had a friend who'd lend him an old car. That queer, hard look came back into his face for a moment when he told her: "*I'll* come in and fetch them," but he was smiling again when he said: "Snakes'll be something quite new for Mother."

"But I'll have to tell Petula. And I'll have to pack my things."

"When?" he said.

"When it's dark. When the fair's over. Just after eleven. Where, Joe, where?"

He thought so quickly, he said with scarcely a pause: "That pub we saw—White Lion. By the porch. I'll be there with the bike. . . ."

By a stroke of luck, Mr. Bloxham was late that afternoon. Leonora was

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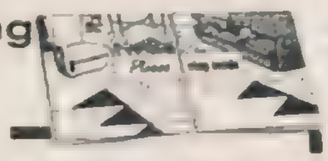

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undressed, and all ready with her snakes in the pen, when he poked his head round the flap at half past two.

Within a few minutes the flatties came in droves. Leonora was glad because the time passed quicker when there were plenty of people. In no time, it seemed, she was counting the strokes as the church clock struck five.

And now the problem was close at hand—how to pack up her things during the tea-break without the Bloxhams knowing; for of course they always had tea in the caravan; Mrs. Bloxham and Petula and Ivy, while Mr. Bloxham and Bill went off to the boxing booth.

Her suitcase was in the cupboard under her bed: so were her few clothes and Joe's rabbit. Somehow or other, between five thirty and six thirty, she must pack the suitcase, take it across to her tent and hide it there in readiness for her escape at eleven.

This problem nagged at her mind until the clock chimed again, and the last of the flatties filed out as Mr. Bloxham called through the tent-flap: "Tea, gel."

She put away the snakes and dressed; her heart was pounding as she went for tea.

As things turned out, it was surprisingly easy. Mrs. Bloxham had taken it into her head to make toast for tea. Years of unhappy experience had demonstrated to her that, if for one second she turned her back on the gas-cooker, the toast would burst into flames under the grill; so she leaned over it with acute anxiety.

Leonora had time to tell Petula her plan; one whispered sentence, the words tumbling over each other: "Pet, I'm going home with Joe after the fair and I've got to pack. Don't let her see."

Petula's reaction was a slow, comprehending wink. She then said loudly: "Mrs. Bloxham, I've got an eyelash in my eye, please help me get it out."

She went to Mrs. Bloxham, who turned away from the gas-stove. Half a minute later, as Leonora routed in the cupboard under the bed, she heard Petula say: "Mrs. B, your toast is burning."

There were the usual agitated cries from Mrs. Bloxham. Leonora stuffed the rabbit into her suitcase, with her nightdress, and her odds-and-ends, toothbrush, face flannel, towel, best dress, underclothes, stockings and shoes. Then she slipped out and carried the suitcase into her tent. She laid it in the farthest corner where there was always a deep shadow. She covered it with the dirty old towel which she used to wipe off her suntan.

Just then the church clock began to strike six: she had done all that was needful, and she had half an hour to spare. She felt excited, curiously guilty, and yet triumphant.

All at once she understood that there was somebody standing in the entrance of the tent. She heard the scratch of a match on a matchbox. The sound compelled her to turn her head.

It was Ivy, small, cocky and sly as she lit a cigarette. She puffed at it, and then she said: "Looked for you, but you weren't in the caravan. Something you mightn't want to miss. You better hurry, though. In the boxing booth. New boy-friend fights ex-boy-friend. Blimey, Helen of Troy."

Leonora went slowly across to Ivy, and still she didn't really understand.

"Ain't you coming?" Ivy said. "To see your flatty taking a bash at Bill?"

Ivy was grinning all over her face. Leonora cried: "He isn't!" Then she remembered the way Joe had said: "He hit you," and how his face had gone hard as he said it. And she remembered Bill last night: "If ever you want an argument, you'll know where to find me," and Joe saying: "Yes, I'll know."

Ivy was out of the tent already, calling over her shoulder: "Please yourself; *I* ain't going to miss it." Leonora found herself running after her.

They heard the shouting long before they got to the boxing booth. There was something ominous about it. It rose and fell, and now it mounted to a crescendo. Ivy took Leonora by the arm and almost dragged her in.

The first thing which caught her eye was the expression on Mr. Bloxham's face. Up there on the raised dais, with his top hat nearly touching the batten which carried the electric lamps, he looked like some awful waxwork thing. And beneath the bright lights his face seemed to sag with a kind of horrified despair.

Then she saw Joe with his back to her, in his vest, with grey trousers. His arms and the back of his neck were very brown against the white vest. His shoulders were working and she knew that Bill was beyond him, in the corner, and he was punching Bill.

Bill suddenly staggered out from behind Joe; it looked as if Joe had deliberately stood aside to let him out of the corner. Bill's head was down, and he held both his hands up before him, but not defensively—the palms of his gloves were closed together, almost as if he were praying. There was blood all over his face and now, as Joe turned, Leonora could see the blood on the front of his vest too, where Bill's gloves had smeared it.

Joe was poised on his toes, his left elbow drawn back; and Leonora heard herself cry out, for she knew he was going to drive that left at the side of Bill's unprotected jaw.

Nobody heard her cry. They were all yelling their heads off, shouting to Joe, urging him to go in and finish it. He sprang at Bill, his fist shot forward, and it was coming from Bill's right, the side where he couldn't see properly; the side where the golden fountains were.

Then suddenly, in mid-spring, Joe stopped dead. His hands fell to his sides, and he was looking at Bill in a puzzled way.

The yelling ceased the moment Joe's hands went down. There was a strange silence in the tent. Bill tottered on for a few paces and then he stood still, with gloves held up in front of his eyes. Joe said something to Mr. Bloxham, and Mr. Bloxham was staring at him, apparently in bewilderment.

Then Joe said quite clearly: "I retire," and Mr. Bloxham almost ran to the ropes in his hurry to make the people hear him; for they were beginning to boo already. He shouted at the top of his voice: "The gent in the vest says he's had enough, so the fight goes to Battler."

Everybody seemed to be booing now. Leonora didn't know if they were booing Joe for retiring, or Bill as he went very slowly towards his corner and sat there with his gloves still covering his face.

Mr. Bloxham went and leaned over Bill, saying something, and Bill looked up at him and nodded. Leonora had a sickening glimpse of his ravaged face. Joe had put on his shirt and jacket. He looked unhappy, and puzzled still. Leonora thought he had guessed something was wrong with Bill. That was why he had stopped fighting when he could have knocked him out.

But he couldn't know what was the matter, he couldn't know about the golden fountains, and the blows that came out of the dark. Only Leonora knew about that. Bill hadn't told his father. He hadn't told Ivy—not even if he had made love to Ivy, thought Leonora, admitting to herself the probability, yet curiously unresentful while Ivy's hand was tight in hers.

Only she knew why Bill had been beaten; and, as Leonora forced herself to look up at the ring where Bill sat slumped in his corner, she recognized amid all her confusion that the confidence had bound her to him inescapably. It was an intimacy closer than any he might have had with Ivy, and, rebelling against it, her heart seemed to cry out: "Oh, why did you have to tell me, Bill, though you didn't want me like you wanted her?"

Joe at that very moment was stepping over the ropes. He jumped down into the crowd. He hadn't seen her there, and she didn't want him to see her; she thought it would break her heart if she had to speak to him now. For he would say: "Eleven?" or more likely he would just look, and his look would

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

(producer of B.B.C. TV's "Zoo Quest") was asked questions on INSECTS and similar creatures. Pit your wits against his to beat his score.

(Answers on page 30)

1	How many legs has a fly; a spider; a centipede?	A fly has six legs; a spider eight. The centipede varies with the species. I think they usually have between fifty and sixty legs.
2	Where do the flies go in the winter?	Most flies die off, though a few manage to creep away and survive the winter. The majority of the new spring's flies come from eggs laid the previous autumn.
3	Why is it that when a worm is cut in two it continues to live?	Because the worm is divided into a number of segments, each of which is complete enough in itself to enable it to continue living.
4	Why are some insects drowsy on cool days?	They cannot keep their body temperatures constant as we do—their body temperatures are lower when it is cold and therefore they are creating less energy.
5	How big are the largest insects and how small is the smallest?	I think one of the largest insects is the Indian Atlas moth with a wing span of twelve inches. I am not sure which the longest insect is. The smallest is some sort of fly—about one-fiftieth of an inch long.
6	How many insects would you find in a square yard of soil?	Anything from five hundred upwards.

say: "Eleven? Outside the White Lion?" using the unspoken language which was theirs alone.

How swift, how certain, her response would have been only ten minutes ago: "Eleven! You bet! White Lion!" But Leonora knew she could no longer make that reply; because of what had happened, she had to stay with Bill.

She fought her way through the crowd and ran as fast as she could towards her tent. It was a quarter past six when she got there, and she proceeded to do all the things which she always did at a quarter past six.

She went behind the tent where the snakes' cage stood, took the canvas cover off it and picked up Kaa. She carried him into the pen and put him down there. She went back to the cage and fetched Catherine. She turned up the wick of the oil-stove. She took off her jumper and skirt, uncorked the sun-tan bottle and smeared some of the stuff on her arms and shoulders.

The thought that she would be doing the same things again tomorrow, and all the other days, was almost more than she could bear.

She shut her eyes, that old game of hers, and looked, not at the wonderful Forest of her imagination, but at the future, as a fortune teller might see it in her crystal, but clear, oh so clear that she could make out the lettering on the iced cake Mrs. B. would make for when she and Bill got spliced, as he would put it, and she could hear Mr. Bloxham proposing their health in the jocular manner he kept for the boxing-ring.

Leonora didn't leave anything out; she made herself see it all: Mrs. Bloxham turning to her with that queer little smile; and Bill drinking more and more because of the golden fountains; and the way she would learn to jump at his voice when he shouted at her.

She knew it all, with dreadful clarity, and then she opened her eyes and looked to where the suitcase lay, ready packed, hidden in the corner. And still she knew that she wasn't going.

She went over to the suitcase and thought of Joe with a kind of tender reproach. *If only you hadn't fought him, Joe: or, if you had to fight him, then if only he had beaten you.* It was funny to think it would have been all right if Joe had lost the fight. She'd have been outside the White Lion with her suitcase at five past eleven.

She would have to get Petula to take a message to Joe.

Carrying the suitcase, she went slowly across the tent towards the entrance, where a chink of light came through the

DANCING—I

How dancing was ever adopted in a civilized country I can never find out; it is certainly a barbarian exercise, and of savage origin.

Fanny Burney

closed tent-flap. And then the flap opened. Bill stood before her in his dressing-gown, with the blood caked round his eye.

"So there you are," he said.

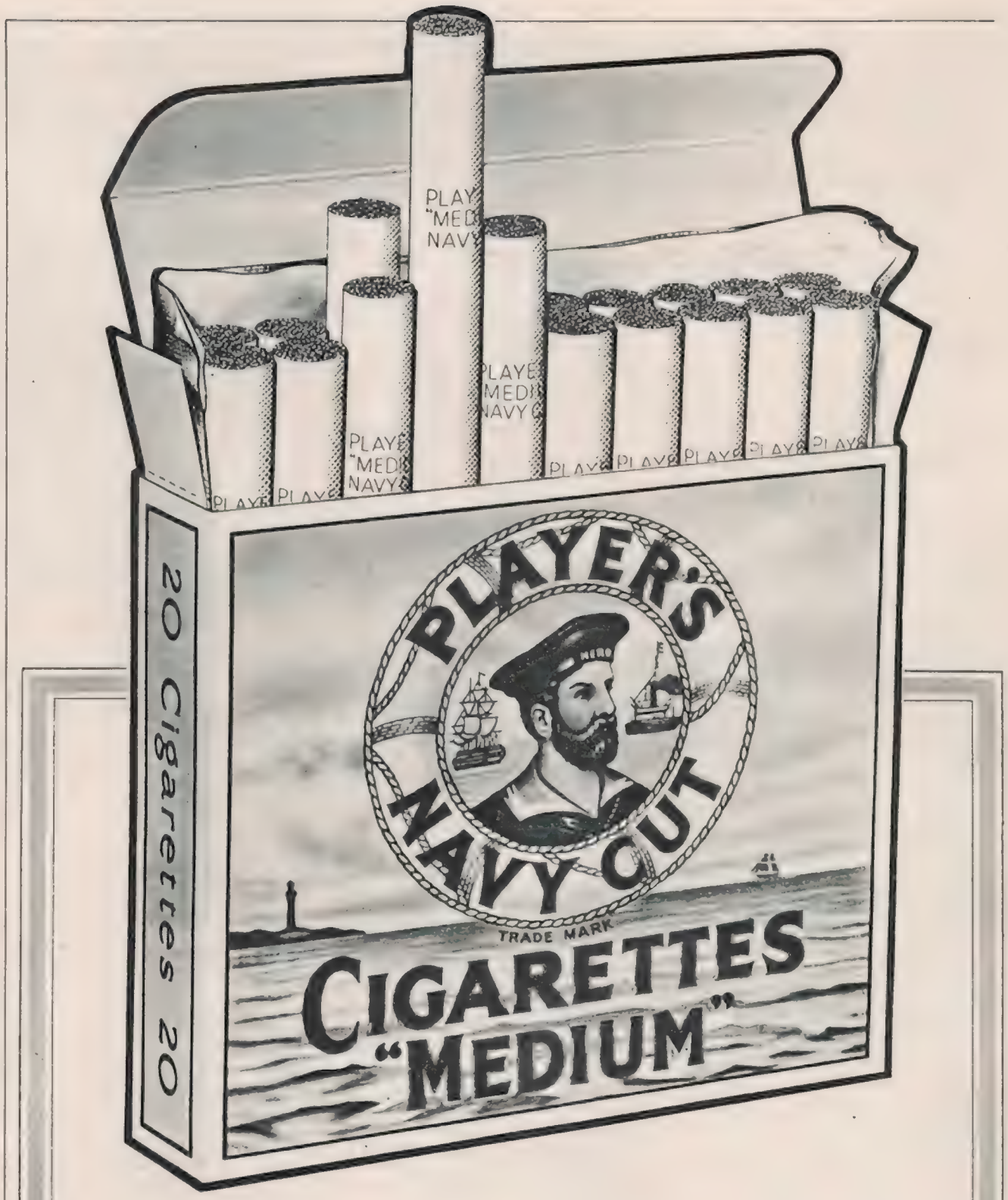
He caught her wrist and dragged her towards him. She dropped the suitcase, and cried out: "It's all right, Bill—I'm not going!"

Bill said: "No, that you ain't. What did I tell you about flatties last night?" He began to twist her wrist slowly. "What did I tell you?"

She believed he was going to break her arm. Then suddenly he let it go, and she realized he meant to hit her. She dodged out of reach of his hand and he shambled after her.

She was close to the gate of her pen, and she took refuge inside it. Bill followed, lunging out at her as she ran into a corner. She cowered there, and he came after her, and she caught sight of Catherine coiled close to the oil-stove.

She seized Catherine and lifted her up, holding her towards Bill. She felt Catherine's tail whip round her leg and clasp it. Catherine's head shot forward right into Bill's face. Bill staggered



The
finest tobacco
perfectly packed

back. Leonora thought he hadn't known the snakes were in the pen until that moment, otherwise he wouldn't have followed her. He had always had a horror of them.

He yelled: "Put it down!"

But Leonora clung on to Catherine. The snake hissed, and her head went backwards and forwards with its piston movement.

Cat was in a rage of fear. Leonora, as she gripped her neck between her small, strong hands, could feel the spasm in it, a kind of shuddering glup, and she understood how her own fear, hers and Bill's, had communicated itself to Catherine.

She saw Kaa moving close to her feet. He made a dry, scraping sound as he slithered over the canvas floor. When she looked up again she saw the stick raised in Bill's hand.

It was Mr. Bloxham's stick, which he stood in the corner of her pen for fear of the "creepy-crawlies." Leonora thought Bill meant to hit her with it. He looked mad and terrible under the single green light.

WHEN the blow fell, it was aimed at Cat's head, but it hit Leonora's wrist and the pain was so sharp that for a second it numbed all thought. She let go of the snake, and it dropped heavily to the floor. In a sudden frenzy of fear Bill began to beat it about the head.

Leonora turned away in sick horror. She heard the blows falling, and she hid her face in her hands. When she looked again, Cat's head was raised up from the floor and her neck was arched like a swan's. A ripple ran through the whole length of the snake. The head fell sideways and flopped upon the floor; there was a long contortion among the coils, and Cat lay dead.

Bill dropped the stick. He muttered something. Then he went out of the pen and through the tent-flap.

Leonora lay on the floor of her pen and wept for Cat, until at last she heard Mr. Bloxham calling from outside the tent: "Ready, gel?"

She responded to his voice with a small twitch of fear. She managed to call back: "In a minute. Give me a minute." She looked round the pen, dazedly. And then she realized that Kaa wasn't there.

The gate was open, as Bill had left it. Leonora darted through, looking for Kaa. Her mind was quick again suddenly, and a kind of intuition sent her glance towards the dark corner of the tent, where she had hidden her suitcase before Bill came in.

She was only just in time. She did not see Kaa, but she saw a chink of light which showed for a fraction of a second between the skirt of the tent and the ground. Then the canvas fell back into place, and she knew that Kaa had crawled through.

Mr. Bloxham was grumbling outside: "Why the 'ell ain't you ready?" But she scarcely heard him. She had one clear purpose in her mind now, which was to recover Kaa. She ran to the back of the tent and went down on her hands and knees, and wriggled out the way he had gone, under the canvas.

All the brightness had gone out of the sky. It was dusk already and the lights were lit all over the fair. When she saw Kaa, it was as something faintly glistening, like a runnel after rain that trickled down the slope of the tarmac towards the gutter which lay behind the side-shows.

She ran five yards from her tent and pounced on him. She had him by the tail, and his head whipped back towards her, *Ssst!* Then he wrapped himself round her arm.

As she kneeled there, panting, she was aware of the tarmac wet beneath her knees, and of light rain falling. The raindrops were cold on her bare shoulders. She found herself looking straight at the White Lion across the fairground, shining and glowing in a small pool of light. The hotel porch was a high one; the lion on top of it stood out against the surrounding darkness and seemed to brood over the fair.

Leonora stared at it in wonder, as if it were a sign in the sky. The lion's head lay between its paws, and he looked grave and gentle. The bright white floodlight picked out every detail of his sculptured mane.

Meet me at the White Lion? Eleven?

Yes, it was a sign! Clutching Kaa tight against her shoulder, Leonora ran back to her tent and dived into the narrow gap between the canvas and the tarmac, through which she had wriggled out. Kaa struggled fiercely as she carried him through.

Her tent was less dark than it had been, because Mr. Bloxham had unhitched the tent-flap. Apparently he hadn't looked inside, for he was shouting: "Walk up, walk up," at the top of his voice. She tiptoed across to her pen, and it was a matter of seconds to put on her clothes.

Still nobody came in. She dragged her suitcase into the pen and pitched out its contents on to the floor. She picked up Kaa and crammed him inside. Then she put some of her clothes on top of him and closed the lid.

She carried the case out of her pen. Figures suddenly darkened the entrance and she dashed to the corner of the tent, plunged through her bolt-hole and pulled the suitcase after her.

Rain, in a cold wind, slapped her in the face. For a moment the whole of her world seemed to be filled with terror of Mr. Bloxham. She was so afraid that her legs failed her, and she crouched down beside the suitcase, watching its side heaving in and out as if it were alive and breathing.

Then, through the rain, she saw the White Lion like a shining beacon high above the fair.

Meet me at the White Lion! Eleven!

Despite the heavy suitcase in which she could feel Kaa struggling, Leonora began to run. The fair was noisy all round her as she made for the bright and splendid sign. And through the clamour she could still hear Mr. Bloxham shouting: "Walk up an' see the lovely jungle girl! 'Oo'd be an explorer? 'Oo indeed? All the bee-uties and the 'orrors of the savage jungle brought to your door for sixpence. . . ."

THE END

Under the title "Jungle Girl," John Moore's story will be published as a book in November by Collins. Price about 12s. 6d.

© *John Moore, 1958*

"Honk! Honk!"

The babe who came back

Continued from page 17

fourth goal against Fulham in the replay at Highbury, and scored the fifth himself. Manchester United won 5—3.

Twenty minutes after the final whistle Charlton walked out of his team's champagne celebrations in the dressing-room.

He went to an hotel in Bayswater and had a meal alone, sitting in a corner of the restaurant with his back to all the other diners.

"Charlton is playing better than ever before and with more fire than anyone expected he possessed," says wing-half Wilf McGuinness, a boyhood friend who accompanied Charlton to Manchester United." But between games he has become so moody and withdrawn that we now call him the Marlon Brando of Old Trafford."

Arthur Conway, manager of a Manchester club used by United players, says: "Charlton seems to have come back from Munich with an inferiority complex off the field and a superiority complex on it. That is completely opposite to the Charlton we knew before the disaster."

A few hours after Manchester United's defeat in last year's Cup Final, Charlton—a last-minute replacement who played an insignificant game—led his teammates into a London night club, took over the cabaret microphone and began to imitate the Frank Sinatra style of crooning.

Until this year Charlton was very much a fifth-former in Matt Busby's soccer academy at Old Trafford.

When the ground was unfit for a practice game, he and other youngsters sharpened their sprinting by playing games of hide-and-seek around the stadium.

Charlton always preferred kicking a ball about to long-distance running. He once broke away from a roadwork party leaving the ground. Bill Inglis, reserve trainer, intercepted the truant as he ran towards a patch of waste land with a football tucked up the front of his jersey.

AWAY from football, Charlton went to the cinema as often as three times a day, enjoyed dancing and collected long-playing records of Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald.

When he and David Pegg went fishing at a Cheshire lake they always took along a portable radio to provide a background of dance music while they watched their rods.

On visits to his home, Charlton amused his younger brothers, Gordon (fifteen) and Tommy (eleven), with displays of goalkeeping acrobatics in the kitchen.

"The last time he came home," says his mother, "he sat in a chair and read a book. He has lost most of his old interests and spends his time trying to hide inside himself."

Charlton, who has always trembled with nerves before a match, used to appreciate the joke when his teammates presented him with a programme to show how much his hands were shaking. Now he speaks little in the dressing-room and often fails to hear when others talk to him. He changes quickly and waits for the kick-off behind a newspaper.

Before one Cup game he was seen staring blankly for nearly ten minutes at a full-page advertisement for a women's magazine.

"Charlton is still deeply distressed by the loss of so many of his friends at Munich," says Joe Armstrong, United's chief scout. "Yet he is playing better without them."

Until last Christmas he appeared in the first team only when other players were injured. Then he began to play every week.

"But I was still very much the junior," he says. "It worried me to have the established stars shouting advice at me. When I received the ball and thought of shooting, someone else would call for a pass. Very often I did neither and the chance was wasted.

"Now I'm quite a veteran in the new United. It's up to me to help the others along. I can dribble, pass or shoot just as I think best. Nobody shouts at me."

When Charlton scored two goals for England in a schoolboy international in 1953, representatives of eighteen League clubs tried to tell him where his future would be best safeguarded. The most persistent of them followed him into a London theatre. Charlton, who had impressed Manchester United scouts long before he was noticed by the England selectors, stood up from his seat and said: "I know where I'm going—to Old Trafford."

"There has never been any other club for Charlton," says Armstrong, "and he has never liked being pushed around.

"But once with United he forgot to assert himself as a footballer. He always looked impressive in possession of the ball; without it he tended to wander aimlessly about a game. In the last few weeks he has really begun to fight for the ball. I think he resents the idea that an air crash was going to push his club out of top-class football."

Charlton's father, Robert, is a miner who prefers gun sports to football. His mother was determined that he would be a footballer. She came from a family of footballers, the Milburns. Her brothers, Jack, George and Jim, have all played for Leeds, and another, Stan, is with Leicester. She is a cousin of Jackie Milburn, the former Newcastle and England centre-forward and outside-right.

Charlton, whose older brother Jack, now twenty-three, plays for Leeds United, signed for Manchester United at fifteen and became a professional at seventeen. He is within a few days of completing his National Service with an R.A.O.C. depot at Nesscliff, Shropshire, where Duncan Edwards was also stationed.

"Edwards's personality dominated the whole camp," says Colonel Edward Orton, the commanding officer. "Charlton might be just another soldier until he walks on to a football pitch. Then he manages to make everyone else play to twice their usual standard." THE END

Suddenly Davy reached forward and grasped the throttle. "I'll hit that airliner," he shouted. "Look at it. It's right in front of us . . ."

CO-PILOT

by JAMES ALDRIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Davy was an odd lad—and he scared easily. He was the last person Ben would have chosen to die with

YOU were lucky if you still enjoyed flying after twenty years of it, especially if it meant piloting a battered Fairchild over the Red Sea deserts. That was what he had been doing for the past two years. He had flown the Fairchild for the company which had exploration rights all down the Red Sea coast until it had flown itself out.

There were no landing fields. He put it down where the geologists and the hydrologists wanted to get down; and that meant on sand, scrub, stone-bedded *wadis* and shore-line streams.

The shore lines were the worst, because the smooth-looking sands were always undermined with large lumps of raw white coral as sharp as razors, and if it hadn't been for the dumpy low-gravity weight of the Fairchild, he would have been over a dozen times after tyres had burst.

That was all finished now. The company had given up its expensive efforts to strike one big dome of oil that would really pay off, and the Fairchild was a sick-looking wreck, stained thick with every colour of dust; its control wires worn to threads, the engine a mockery, and the instruments gutted for spares.

He was forty-three, a widower, and out of work. He would never get another regular flying job at his age. He had no future, and a thirteen-year-old boy to support—a son who had come too late and who was, Ben knew in his heart, no part of him.

Davy was a lonely boy whose mother had never been interested in him, and whose father was a stranger who couldn't talk to him, and was too brief and sharp with him in the rare moments when they were together.

This particular moment was no better than the others. Ben had a temporary job now—flying out of Port Sudan. He had the boy with him in an Auster bumping violently down the 2,000-foot corridor over the Red Sea coast, waiting for the boy to be air sick.

"If you want to be sick," he said, "put your head well down on the floor so that you don't mess up the plane."

"Yes," the boy said miserably.

"Are you afraid?"

"A little," the boy answered, in a rather shy and serious voice. "Can these bumps smash the plane?"

Ben had no way of comforting him, except by telling the truth. "Only if the plane has not been looked after."

Ben was sorry then that he had brought his son on this trip. His generous gestures always failed. He had tried once before, in one of these rare fits of generosity, to show the boy how to fly a plane, but, though he had taken quickly to it and grasped its crude principles, every loud and

shouted correction had reduced him to tears.

"Don't cry!" Ben ordered him now. "There's no need to cry. Get your head up, Davy! Get it up!"

Davy kept his head down, and Ben regretted this experiment more and more and watched the coast unpeeling its vast, wasteful emptiness. It was lifeless and dead. The sun baked the life out of it, and in the spring the winds lifted up a thousand square miles of sand and dumped it across the Indian Ocean where it was lost forever.

"Sit up," he told Davy, "if you want to see how to approach." He knew how sharp his own voice could be, but it surprised him that he hardly knew how else to speak to the boy.

Davy's head came up timidly and he looked over the sinking nose of the plane as his father made a dead straight approach to a narrow strip of white sand just above a kidney-shaped bay in this coastal wasteland.

Without thinking about it, Ben knew to a foot where he would put the plane down. He had to know here, because there weren't any feet to spare on this barren strip of natural sand a hundred miles from the nearest village, impossible to approach in anything but a small plane.

"This is what counts," Ben said. "When you level off it's got to be six inches. Not one foot, or three feet. Six inches! If it's too high and you come down hard, you'll wreck the plane. If it's too low you hit a bump and go over. It's the last inch that counts."

Davy nodded.

"See!" his father shouted. "Six inches. When she begins to sink, I ease back the stick. I *ease* it back. Now!" he said and the plane touched down like a snowflake. . . .

The two airline pilots who had discovered this bay had called it Shark Bay because it was always well filled with good-sized Red Sea sharks who came into it after the big shoals of herring and mullet which sought protection there from time to time. It was sharks Ben was here for; and now that he was here he forgot the boy, except to instruct him how to help unload, how to pack the food bag in wet sand, how to keep the sand wet with buckets of sea water.

"Does anybody ever come here?" Davy asked him.

Ben shook his head. "Nobody! Nobody could get here, except in a light plane." He added: "Bring me the two green bags from the floor—and keep your head covered against the sun. I don't want you getting sun-stroke on me."

Davy watched carefully while his father prepared his aqualung equipment and underwater cameras to go into the perfect, clear coral water to film sharks.

"Don't you go near the water!" his father ordered.

Davy said nothing.

"These sharks," his father warned, "are just as likely to take a bite at you as not, particularly on the surface; so don't even put your feet in."

Davy shook his head.

"Hitch that strap between my legs," his father said.

He had the heavy aqualung on his back. Its two cylinders of compressed air would give him plenty of time at thirty feet down. There was no need to go deeper. The sharks didn't.

"And don't throw any stones in the water," he added, picking up the cylindrical watertight camera box and wiping sand from it. "It frightens everything in sight. Even the sharks. Now, give me the mask. I'll be about twenty minutes. Then I'll come up and have lunch because the sun's already too high. You can pack some stones on each side of the plane's wheels, and then sit under the wing out of the sun. Understand?"

"Yes," Davy said.

Ben suddenly realized that his tone had grown too sharp again. No wonder the poor little devil was so subdued.

"And don't worry about me," he said more gently.

HE backed into the water, and the hot sand-hills, the plane and Davy all vanished, giving way to a pellucid world of coral and shimmering water.

Almost at once he began having trouble with the valve that supplied the right amount of air. He wasn't deep, only twenty feet, but the valve stuttered irregularly and he had to draw too hard for his air. That could be very exhausting and dangerous.

The sharks were there, but keeping their distance. They always did, just out of effective camera range. He would have to entice them in close after lunch with the half a leg of horsemeat which he had brought for that purpose.

"This time," he told himself in a grumble of air bubbles, "I'm going to get five hundred pounds' worth."

He was paid by a television company, so much for every foot of shark film, and a bonus for any shot of a hammerhead. There were no hammerhead sharks here. There were two or three basking sharks and a decent-sized tiger wandering around near the silver bottom, well away from the coral bank, but there was a big grouper who lived under a shelf of coral, and that was worth an extra hundred or so also. They wanted a shot of a grouper with good background.

By kicking his flippers in the grouper's face, Ben forced him to back out, and he got a good long gliding shot of him as he headed down to the bottom, slowly and angrily. That was all Ben wanted for the time being. The sharks would still be there in the afternoon. He had to save his air.

As he turned round, he felt the swish of one of the sharks going by his legs. While he had been busy with the grouper, they had moved in on his back.

"Get the hell out of it," he bellowed in great blobs of air.

They had already gone, worried by the noisy bubbles. The sand sharks went low, but the tiger cruised off at eye-level just out of range, watching Ben carefully. Ben kept his eye on the tiger until he broke surface. Even then he kept his mask under to watch the tiger, who had moved towards him a little. Ben fell back clumsily on to the two-inch coral edge of the water-line, and rolled out the last inch in safety.

"I don't like that character at all," he said aloud when he spat out the loose water from his mouth.

He saw Davy watching him then, standing over him. He had forgotten his existence, and he did not explain his remark.

"Get the lunch out of the wet sand," he told Davy, "and set it out under the shade of the wing on that piece of canvas. And throw me the towel."

He rubbed himself down. Then, while they ate their silent lunch, he changed the film in the camera and fixed the valve of his aqualung. After

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

IN his answers to six questions on insects and similar small creatures on page 26, David Attenborough scored four and a half points. He answered Question 1 correctly—centipedes have anything from fifteen to 173 pairs of legs. He also answered the second question correctly, but did not go quite far enough over Question 3. The worm's nervous system is not concentrated (as in man) but scattered over the body, so that when it is cut in half there is enough nerve matter in each half to enable life to continue.

He answered Question 4 correctly, and was half right over Question 5. The longest insect is a tropical stick insect (*plasmidae*) which measures fully twelve inches. Bulkiest is a beetle (the *macrodontia cervicornis*) which measures 5.85 inches. Minute beetles (*coleoptera trichopterygidae*) and the battledore wing fairy fly are only 1/128th of an inch long.

David Attenborough was also right over Question 6. The number may be anything from five hundred to two thousand.

that he lay back, covered the equipment carefully with his damp towel, took a quick look to see that Davy was not ill or in the sun, and went to sleep. . . .

"Does anybody know we are here?" Davy asked him when he was getting himself into the water again after his sweaty siesta.

"Why do you ask that? What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I just thought if anything happened to us. . . ."

"Nothing will," Ben said gruffly. "Don't worry. You'll be all right."

"It's getting windy," Davy said in his quiet, solemn way.

"I know that. I'll be under water about twenty minutes. Then I'll come up and put in a new film and go down for another ten minutes. So find something to amuse you while I've gone. You should have brought a fishing line along."

I should have told him to, Ben thought as he went under with a coil of wire and his bait of horsemeat, which he took straight down to a lump of tree coral where the light was good. He rested the camera on a ledge and wound the wire tightly round the meat and the coral so that the sharks couldn't rip it off too easily. Then he backed up into a little coral hollow, no more than ten feet from it, so that his rear was protected. He knew he would not have long to wait.

There were five of them now in the silver space where the coral joined the sand. They came in almost immediately, smelling the blood of the meat, or sensing it somehow. He kept very still, and when he breathed out he kept the valve well into the coral behind him so that the air bubbles broke up and did not frighten them off.

"Come on! Come on!" he encouraged them quietly. They did not need encouragement. They came straight for the meat, first the familiar tiger and then two or three smaller versions of the same shape, moving forward like grey, rippling rockets. As they came to the meat they swung over a little on one side and took passing gulps at it.

THE hundred feet of film was nearly finished when Ben saw the unfriendly tiger coming at him. There was no warning. Ben bellowed through his mouthpiece but the tiger simply rolled over in his approach, and Ben knew that he was being attacked.

Then suddenly he saw his own arms and chest. They were covered with the blood of the meat he had carried. He cursed his stupidity and wielded his camera as a club, as hard as he could.

The camera hardly touched the tiger, but the side-gashing teeth caught Ben's right arm in one sweep, missed his chest, and passed across the other arm like a razor. Ben felt his left arm go completely, instantly, as if it had been cut off. He panicked and threshed about in pain. His blood had already obscured his view through the water, and he sensed rather than saw the next attack as he backed up, threshing with his legs. He felt it hit him along the legs, but by now his frantic, rising violence had tangled him in the coral and he was holding his mouthpiece in with his good right hand, afraid of losing it.

Even as he saw one of the smaller ones come at him, he kicked out at it and rolled over backwards. Then he hit the surface ledge and rolled out of the water in a filthy, bleeding mess. . . .

When he came to he was quite aware of what had happened, and he wondered how long he had been out.

He could hear his son's muffled voice, see his horrified face peering down at him, and he realized he had only been out for a second, but he could hardly move.

"What shall I do?" Davy was crying. "Dad, what's happened to you?"

Ben closed his eyes to think clearly. He knew he would never fly that plane. His arms were like fire and lead, his legs were stiff, and his faint consciousness wasn't enough.

"Davy," he said carefully with his eyes closed. "How are my legs?"

"It's not your legs," he heard from Davy's sick-sounding voice. "It's your arms. They're all cut up, they're horrible."

"I know that," he said through his teeth. "What about my legs?"

"They're covered in blood and they're cut up, too."

"Badly?"

"Yes, but not like your arms. What shall I do?"

Ben looked at his arms then, and saw that the right one seemed almost severed. He could see muscle and sinew and not much blood. The left one looked like a chewed-up piece of meat and it was bleeding profusely. He bent it up, wrist to shoulder, to stop the flow and groaned with the pain of it.

He knew there wasn't much hope. But if he went out now the boy would be left here. They would never find him in time, not in this scorched country—if they could, in fact, find him at all.

"Davy," he said as urgently as his heavy brain would allow. "Listen to me. Get my shirt and tear it up and wrap up my right arm. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Tie up my left arm tight above all those cuts to stop the blood. Then tie my wrist up to my shoulder somehow, as hard as you can. Have you got that? Tie up both my arms. Tight. Do my right arm first, but close up the wound. Got that?"

Ben did not hear the answer because he felt himself fading out again. This time it was longer, and he came to with Davy working on his left arm, his intent, pallid face alive with fear, and yet desperate in his application.

"Listen, Davy," he said with an effort. "Get me out of this aqualung. It's killing me."

"I've tried to get you out of it," Davy said in his hopeless voice. "But I can't. I don't know how."

"You'll *have* to get me out!" Ben said sharply in his old way. But he knew then that the only hope he had for the boy, as well as for himself, was to get Davy thinking for himself, to give him confidence. This thirteen-year-old boy had a superhuman performance ahead of him if he was to survive this.

"I'm going to tell you exactly what to do, Davy. Do you hear me?" Ben could hardly hear himself and he wasn't aware of the pain for a moment. "Do whatever I tell you. Don't be upset if I shout at you. That doesn't mean a thing. Understand? Now, get my knife out of my belt and cut off all the straps of the aqualung. Use the fine saw edge, that's quicker."

Black pain overwhelmed him. He came to slowly.

"Hallo, Davy," he said from his far distance.

"I got you out of the aqualung," he heard the frightened voice say. "You're still bleeding down the legs."

"Never mind my legs," Ben said, and opened his eyes to see what shape he was in. But he was afraid of passing out, and he knew he could not sit up, nor even stand up; and, now that Davy had tied his arms back, he was helpless from the waist up. The worst was yet to come, and he had to think about it for a moment.

The only chance for the boy now was the plane, and Davy would have to fly it. There was no other chance, no other way. But now he had to think. He must not frighten him off. If he told Davy he would have to fly the plane, it would scare him. He had to think carefully.

"Get that big towel and put it near me," Ben said, "and I'll roll on it somehow, and between us I'll get up to the plane."

Davy brought the towel and, by a sideways lurch that seemed to tear his arms and chest and legs apart, Ben got his back on to it. "Now get me up to the plane," he said faintly. "You pull, and I'll push with my heels. Never mind the bumps, just get me there."

"How can you fly the plane?" Davy asked from ahead of him.

Ben closed his eyes and thought: *He must not know that he has to fly it. The thought will scare him stiff.*

"These little Austers fly themselves," he said. "Just have to set the course, that's easy. . . ."

"But you can't use your arms and hands. You can't even keep your eyes open."

"Don't give it a thought, Davy. I can fly blindfold with my knees. Let's get going. Start pulling."

He was looking at the sky and realizing that the wind was picking up, which would help the plane off if they could get far enough down wind. But it was going to be a head wind all the way back, and there wasn't much petrol to spare.

It took a long time to get to the plane, with Davy pulling and Ben digging his heels into the sand, passing out quickly and coming to slowly. But he got there at last and even managed to sit up against the tail end and look around.

BEN said: "Next thing is to build up some rocks beside the door of the plane." He breathed a little and went on: "If you build them up high enough you can bounce me up them somehow. Get the rocks from the wheels."

Davy was already at work, putting lumps of coral under the left-side door—the pilot's side of the plane.

"Not that door," Ben said carefully. "The other one. The controls will be in the way if I get in this side."

The boy looked quickly at him, suspiciously, and then he began to work like a fiend on the other side.

When he had built a big enough step, Ben said: "That'll do. Now come over and pull me to it."

Davy went on pulling until they reached the plane door.

"Wrap that towel round my chest," Ben said, "and get in the plane and pull me up. I'll push with my legs."

If he wasn't so paralysed in the legs! Something must have happened to his spine, and he was pretty sure that, in the long run, he wouldn't survive it. But Davy must survive, and he had to be sure of it.

It was this resolve that got him into the plane; it got him into it half-crouched and half-seated and half-conscious. Then he was trying to tell Davy what to do, but he could not quite get it out, and he saw that the boy was going to panic.

Ben waited for a wave of faintness to pass, then: "Strap yourself in tight," he said. "You're going to help me. You'll remember all I say. Lock your door. . . ."

I'm fading out again, he thought.

He went into a rather pleasant, easy

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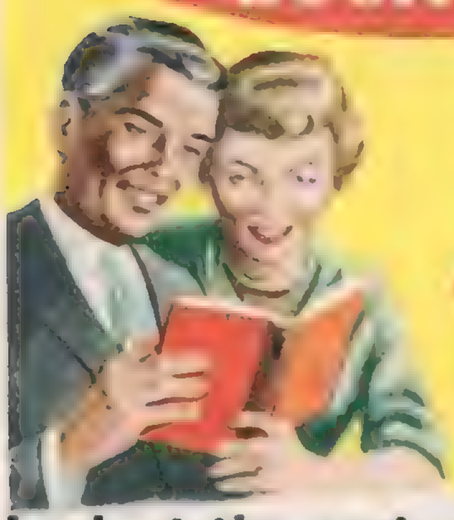

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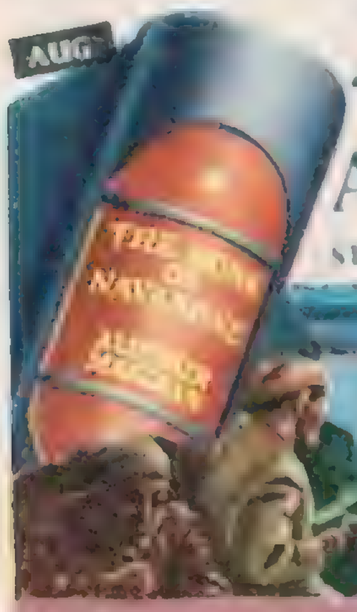

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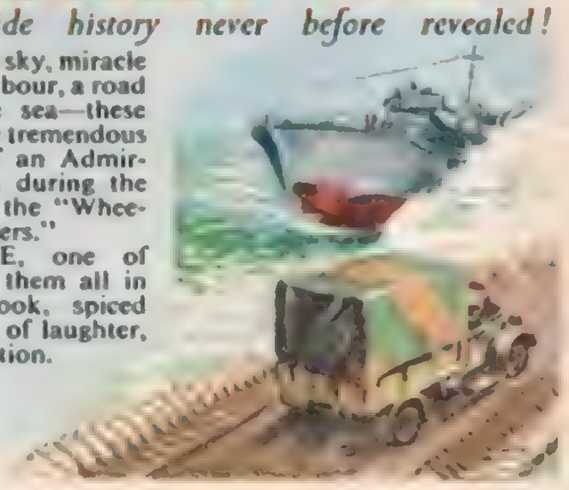

sleep for a few minutes and came back again.

"It's going to be you, Davy. You're going to have to do it, so listen. Are the wheels clear?"

"Yes, I pulled all the stones away." Davy was sitting there with his teeth clenched.

"What's that shaking us?"

"The wind."

A dust storm was blowing up. Ben felt an almost physical blow of fear but resisted it. "Now this is what you do, Davy," he said, and thought it out slowly. "Give the throttle an inch, not too much. Do it now. Put your whole foot on the brakes. Good! You've done that! Now switch her on; the black switch on my side. That's fine, Davy. Now what you have to do is push the button; and when she starts, you open up the throttle a little. Wait! Wait! When you've got her going, put your foot on the left brake and left rudder and open the throttle and get her round and then get down wind somehow. Do you hear? . . ."

"I can do it," the boy said, and Ben thought he heard the sharp impatient note of his own voice in it, but not quite. "There's so much wind now," Davy added. "It's too strong and I don't like it."

"Keep the stick well forward when you're taxi-ing down wind. Go on! Get her going."

HE felt Davy lean across him and push the starter and he heard the engine cough, and he prayed that the boy wouldn't open the throttle too far until she kicked over properly.

And by God he's done it! he thought as the engine took. He nodded his head, sick with tension now, and he heard the boy blipping the engine to try to get the nose round. He faded out into the shaking, painful noise of it and stayed out in this terrifying space that was trying to engulf him. He felt the bumps. He tried to lift his arms but he couldn't, and he came to with the engine revving too high.

"Cut the throttle," he shouted.

"I can't. The wind won't let me turn."

"Are we facing into the wind, Davy? Did you get us down wind?"

"Yes, but it will blow us over."

Ben could feel the Auster rocking violently. He looked up with an effort to see what was around them, but he couldn't see out of the plane at this angle and he would have to chance it and depend entirely on the boy.

"Take off the hand brake," he said. He had forgotten that.

"It's off," Davy said. "I took it off. . . ."

"Of course you did. I'm a bloody fool, Davy. . . ." Then he remembered that he had to shout. "Listen again. It's going to be easy. Just open her up steady, and hold the stick in the middle. Just let her bump. You get that? When she begins to bump, ease her off. And keep her straight. Keep her into the wind and don't pull the stick right back until I tell you. Go on. Don't be afraid of the wind. . . ."

He heard the steady, increasing roar as Davy opened the throttle, and felt the bumping lurch of the plane as it dug its way through the sand. He felt it slipping already, yawing and crabbing. He waited to feel the lighter bumps and passed out again.

He came out of it and they were just off the ground and the boy was holding the stick obediently still without jerking it back. Ben was aware that they were barely clearing the dunes over the bay, and he knew it had taken courage for the boy to keep the stick from going too far back. The wind lifted the plane up safely in a sharp gust but the sickening drop after it hurt him.

"Get her up to three thousand feet. it'll be quieter there," he shouted. He knew then that he should have gone through the whole plan before they took off, because Davy would never hear him properly. That was another stupidity. He must keep his wits.

"Three thousand feet!" he shouted.

"What direction do I go?"

"Get her up first. Just get up!" Ben shouted, afraid lest the plane's lurching in the wind should scare the boy again. He could guess from the sound of it that the engine was straining, and that the nose was a bit high; but the wind would give them support.

He fainted again and returned to consciousness to hear Davy saying: "What's the direction? You're not telling me how to get the right direction."

There was no direct course with this uncertain wind, even though it was smooth enough up here.

"Follow the coast. Keep it on your right. Can you see it?"

"Yes. But is it the right way?"

"The compass course ought to be about three hundred and twenty," he shouted, but it seemed too faint for Davy to hear; but Davy heard.

"It's on three hundred and forty," Davy told him.

"Ah, that's fine! That's fine! It's all right. Now follow the coastline and stick to it. Don't for God's sake do anything else." Ben knew he was mumbling. "Let the plane look after you. It'll be all right, Davy. . . ."

He realized then that Davy must have remembered enough to level-off and keep the right r.p.m. and air speed. He had remembered that.

Ben passed out then into the depths he had been trying to keep out of for the boy's sake. And even as he went out, deep, he thought he would be lucky this time if he came out of it at all. He was going too far. . . .

* * *

He felt a lurching pain that seemed to freeze his body into shafts of ice, leaping and tearing at him, and he came slowly out of it with a dry mouth until he knew what was happening. He could see the dust through the roof above him, and the dim sky over that.

"Davy! What's happened? What are you doing?" he shouted angrily.

"We're almost there," Davy said. "But the wind is right up high now, and it's getting dark."

Ben closed his eyes to catch up with his last memory, and he couldn't comprehend it, and he fancied that he had awakened and redirected the boy and passed out again and forgotten.

"What can you see?" he shouted.

"Port Sudan—all the fields, and the buildings of the town. There's the big airport with the passenger planes."

They seemed to rise a hundred feet in one wad of air, and then lose two hundred in the sickening drop, and the wings dipped frantically from one side to the other.

"Don't lost sight of the airport," Ben cried in his pain.

"The plane doesn't want to go down."

"Cut your engine. . . ."

"I did, but it makes no difference. I can't keep the stick down."

"Use the tail trimmer," Ben said, and lifted his head to the roof where the tail trimmer was. He remembered the flaps, too, but the boy would never be able to move them.

Davy had to half stand to get the purchase on the wheel and turn the trimmer forward. The plane put its nose down in the beginning of a dive.

"Cut your engine!" Ben screamed.

Davy pulled back the throttle, until the wind bumped the plane down and up as it went into its long power glide.

"Keep your eye on the airfield and go round it," Ben told him, and began to prepare himself for what he must do. He must sit up to see over the windscreen as they made the approach.

"There are big planes," Davy shouted. "One is taking off. . . ."

"Keep away, on the side," Ben shouted. He was shivering and sweating. "Left. Stick forward more. Keep it left. More bank left. More bank! Keep the stick down. . . ."

Suddenly Davy grasped the throttle. "I'll hit that airliner. Look at it. It's right in front of us."

Ben could see the big plane. They were five hundred feet up and going almost straight towards it. It was nearly dark. The dust was like a yellow sea over the land, but the big four-engined plane was beating a clean path of air behind it, and he could see its engines going at full throttle. If only it was taking off and not testing the motors, they'd be all right, because they couldn't trust the rough ground off the tarmac.

Ben closed his eyes against it.

"It's taking off. . . ."

Ben opened his eyes with an effort and looked over the nose as it lurched up and down. They had two hundred feet of approach left and the big DC4 was directly in their path below, but moving off so quickly that they would miss it. *They would miss it.*

He felt Davy start to pull back the stick in fear.

"Don't!" he cried. "Keep it down. . . ."

They lost airspeed now, because the nose was up. If they stalled from this height, in this wind, they'd go down into a thousand pieces. . . .

They had a minute left to finish the approach and hold off, and Davy had her nose down again.

"Six inches," Ben cried to Davy with the effort and pain swelling his tongue and drawing the hot tears from his eyes. "Six inches, Davy. . . . Wait! Not yet. Not yet. . . ."

It was at the last inch from the ground that he lost his nerve at last. He was lost in his own fears and he could not speak, or shout, or cry, or sob, but simply hung there in fear as the earth in its dust cloud and black tarmac came up to him. He was trying to shout, *Now! Now! Now!* but the fear was too great and in that last rigid moment which sent him back into oblivion again he felt the slight lift of the nose, and heard the hard roar of the engine still revving. He felt the bounce as the plane hit the ground with its wheels, and the sickening rise and the long wait for the next touch-down.

And then the smooth touch-down on the tail and the wheels. . . .

JUST as there were many last inches to a man's life, so, in the smashed body of a flyer, there were last bones and last blood vessels that other men had never heard of. Ben had interminable supplies of them, as the doctors discovered to their amazement.

"It's all a matter of adrenalin," one of them said, "and you manufacture it like atomic energy."

He had to realize that he had no more left arm. *Funny,* he thought, *I would have sworn it was my right that got the worst of it.*

Davy was all right, the same doctor told him. "Not even shock," he said with a smile. "He's less rigid in the spine than you are."

That was all right, too. Even the plane was all right. Everything was fine. . . .

"Well, Davy?" he said shyly to the boy when they brought him in. "That was pretty good, wasn't it?"

Davy nodded. Ben knew he didn't think it was pretty good at all. But some day he would. Some day the boy would understand how good it was.

"Not much of an old man, am I?" he said wryly.

Davy shook his head solemnly, in agreement.

Ben smiled. At least it was the truth.

He knew this was going to take time. It would take all the time the boy had given him. But it seemed to Ben, looking at his son, that it would be time so valuably spent that nothing else would be so important.

He would get to the boy. Sooner or later he would get to him. That last inch, which parted all things, was never easy to overcome, not until you knew how.

THE END

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A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Maurice Denham seeks colour in the shade

ACTOR Maurice Denham has a small front garden which receives very little sunshine even in the summer. "I've had some success with phlox Drummondii, verbena and petunias," he says, "but the choice of plants that don't need the sun is limited. Can Percy Thrower suggest any others, particularly winter shrubs, and plants to grow between the crazy-paving? The soil is fairly acid."

Percy Thrower says:

Begonias will provide a fine splash of colour in the summer. A fibrous-rooted variety called "A Thousand Wonders" certainly lives up to its name. Planted before the end of May it forms a compact bushy plant about nine inches high, and is covered with single pale-pink flowers. Three tuberous-rooted begonias well worth trying are Flamboyant (bright scarlet), Helen Harmes (yellow with a peach tint) and Amy Jean Bard (salmon orange). Their tubers, lifted and dried in the autumn, will grow again in the spring. Double-flowered begonias are available in many colours.

Spring-flowering miniature rhododendrons and azaleas will grow well in a fairly acid soil. If there is a space on a wall for training shrubs, I suggest yellow winter-flowering jasmine, and camellia japonica.

Small patches in the crazy-paving should be planted this month with purple thyme, mossy saxifrage and aubrietia, and small dianthus. All ericas thrive in partial shade—I suggest you try winter-flowering erica carnea (Winter Beauty and Springwood White), and for summer-flowering erica Mrs. Maxwell and—my personal favourite—the double pink-flowered erica H. E. Beale.

Give the soil a little hop manure or fertilizer before replacing spring plants by others.

DANCING—3

Those who love dancing too much seem to have more brains in their feet than in their heads.

Terence

'Let 'em turn in their graves'

Continued from page 13

duchess seldom wears jewellery, and when she does it has to be fetched from the bank. "Ian thinks it's a mistake for me to wear it," she tells her friends when they ask why the magnificent family tiaras, necklaces and corsages are so seldom seen.

"It's The Debt," one of her sisters explained. "People might ask why he doesn't sell it."

Bedford has shown an obstinate reluctance to sell anything. Instead he has transformed Woburn with the flamboyance of the born publicist (which he is) and the sure touch of the trained financier (which he is not). Some say that he is the greatest showman of this generation. Certainly in the Stately Homes business he is supreme. "He has the knack of knowing when to spend a thousand and when to go all out to save a penny," a stockbroker friend said of him recently. "Not many men have this flair. Consequently, business is full of misers and bankrupts."

ONE of Bedford's greatest triumphs was to become a television personality. "Every time I'm on the screen," he boasts gently but assuredly, "we get another five thousand visitors the following weekend."

When he closed the doors of "The Shop," as he calls the public sections of the abbey, on the last Sunday in October last year, 373,556 people had roamed the parklands, gardens and apartments. They had paid £70,000 in entrance fees and for souvenirs, teas and postcards.

Teas were served to them in what were once the stables, and now have on their walls a fortune in old masters, taken from the Woburn art treasures, which include the greatest collection of Canalettos in the world, alone worth £250,000. Three restaurants and a milk bar did a roaring trade. The takings in the souvenir shop ("around five shillings is the pulling price, we've discovered by sales analysis") were boosted one hundred per cent over the previous year, to £20,000.

"When we first opened Woburn," the duke told a friend recently, "we chose as souvenirs things we liked ourselves. They were an absolute flop. We soon got rid of them. Now we display a collection of ornaments which make us shudder, and they sell like hot cakes."

Any criticism of this technique annoys the duke. "I'm not trying to educate my visitors," he snapped to a friend who ventured a word of reproval. "I'm giving them what they want." In fact, this ruthless exploitation is achieved with an artistry which leaves the visitors largely unaware of what is happening to them.

An elderly woman complained last summer that she had spent too much at Woburn. "I was brought up in service," she told her companions on the homeward bus. "When His Grace said 'Won't you try this record?' I said 'Yes, your Grace.' When Her Grace said 'Do have a souvenir,' I said 'Thank you, your Grace.' Then one of the children came up with some postcards and I said, 'Yes, m'Lord.' No more stately homes for me. I can't afford it."

Bedford himself seems to have done his best to debunk his ducal heritage. On one occasion, wearing an open-necked shirt, he was showing a party from Barnet around the abbey. At the end of the tour, one of the girls said with a giggle: "I'd like to see the duke."

"I'm the duke," replied their guide.

"Go on with you!" the girl exclaimed incredulously.

"It's true," said the duke. "I'm a rock 'n' roll version of Pomp and Circumstance."

Such levity is more than merely a public attitude. One Sunday, shortly before "The Shop" was due to open, the duke walked into the drawing-room at Woburn, where his wife was doing the flowers and his children and some of their friends were busy at other tasks. "How do you like my new jacket?" he asked.

They inspected him.

"Ghastly."

"Hideous."

"Awful."

"Okay," he said good humouredly. "I'll go and change."

"Surely it will do for the visitors," one of his friends said.

The duke shook his head. "Certainly not. Only the best for those who pay. I'll wear it when we're alone."

And at luncheon with his family, he suddenly announced jokingly: "I've got an idea. I'll sit in a gilt cage with my robes on and my coronet on my head. It will cost nothing to look at me, but threepence for me to say 'Good day' and sixpence for a conversation."

"Sixpence is much too much," said one of his children solemnly.

Among the nobility, the more charitable of Bedford's critics attribute his irreverence to his own unhappy past. Eccentricity has characterized the Bedford family all through the centuries, but the two generations immediately preceding his accession excelled themselves in peculiarities.

He was brought up in a chill and cheerless atmosphere. His father was a stranger to him. His mother left him in the care of nurses and later of any servant who might have time or affection to spare for the boy. "His Lordship was a mouse of a child," one of the old retainers at Woburn recalls. "He used to creep about, looking half-afraid to open his mouth and showing no enthusiasm for anything. 'How's little Lord Misery?' I used to say, but I never got a smile in return."

His grandfather, the eleventh duke, then head of the family, terrified the boy. The old duke lived in the spectacular manner of the eighteenth century. He boasted that he had never carried a coin in his pocket and had never entered a shop. He employed twenty-six chauffeurs to drive twelve cars and clung to the custom of having a country carriage and a town coach.

When he set out for London (where two houses in Belgrave Square were got ready, even if he was staying only one night) he drove in one car with a chauffeur and footman while another car followed behind with the luggage. Somewhere near St. Albans two cars from London were drawn up at the roadside awaiting his arrival. The duke transferred to them for the remainder of the journey, while his country cars returned home.

At Woburn he lived the life of a lonely dictator. The cellars were crammed with vintage wines, that he might occasionally indulge in a glass of champagne or port. Nobody else was ever offered anything. His wife, a clergyman's daughter, was a coldly emotionless woman who suffered from a head affliction which not only made her stone deaf at fifty but caused almost perpetual buzzing and ringing in her ears. When she found she could get relief from this at heights, where the air pressure was less, she took up flying and made a number of spectacular solo flights which earned her the name of "The Flying Duchess."

Early one morning in March, 1937, she took off from Woburn to look at the floods on the Norfolk coast and was never seen again. Her final contribution to the bleakness of life at Woburn had been to order all the magnificent four-poster beds to be taken into the grounds. "They are unhygienic and immoral," she said tartly, and burned the lot. They were replaced by a mass of cheap brass bedsteads which are still used by the present duke and his family.

A housemaid at Woburn when the duke was a child tells how she found him one afternoon gazing over the park from one of the top windows of the house.

"Are you looking at the pretty deer, m'Lord?" she asked.

"It's empty — empty — empty," wailed the small boy who one day was to fill it with charabancs and people.

When he was twenty, the young duke was sent to London. His allowance was £98 a year. He quizzically suggested that it should be a round £100, but his father refused.

To spin out his money, he dabbled in journalism and once worked for Lord Beaverbrook. "He was a boring, intense chap—no idea of mixing," says one of his fellow-reporters. "I heard someone tell him a dirty story once and he looked as if he were going to be sick."

He was befriended by a vivacious brunette, Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, known to her friends as "Brownie," who offered him a room in her husband's home in Eaton Square. Soon afterwards she was divorced and married the future duke at Caxton Hall register office in 1939, when she was thirty-five and he was twenty-one. The next year, their son was born at the Ritz Hotel—an unusual event in that august establishment.

In 1944 a second son was born, but soon afterwards sleeping tablets caused Brownie's death, and left the future duke with two sons and a stepdaughter to care for. Two years later he married the Hon. Lydia Lyle, widow of an army officer. She was thirty, a beautiful woman, quiet and serene, the mother of two children, a fine linguist and a clever artist. What was more, she came from a large and happy family.

Her mother, the vivacious Denise Orme of Gaiety fame, was now, after her third marriage, the Duchess of Leinster. The six children of her first marriage, to Lord Churston, were all exceptionally good looking and the four daughters had made brilliant marriages. They were a gay, affectionate family. Life with them was different from anything the future duke had known before. "Lydia is for Ian smooth harbour after a rough sea," one of their friends said.

They went to South Africa to farm and by the time they returned to England Bedford was transformed. Lydia had given him both confidence and health. His smile, rarely seen when he was younger, was continuous and infectious.

He needed it. His plan to put Woburn at the top of the Stately Homes League called for obstinate determination. "Nothing more or less than a damned circus," one of his fellow peers called it. "What they are doing is selling their titles," a relative complained at a Mayfair dinner party. The duke took no notice.

Sometimes he goes too far, even for his friends. After one television performance, in which he displayed letter boxes and other gadgets in a "Do-It-Yourself" programme, and crawled about the floor to show how to insulate a roof, he was told: "The Russells will turn in their graves."

"Let 'em turn," he replied. But his wife sometimes feels hurt and unhappy when the duke's publicity goes sour.

ALL the same, on most summer weekends there are up to twenty titled relatives staying at Woburn, and all of them are put to work. Their lunch is usually a glass of wine and some sandwiches.

Compared with the past, when a miniature army of servants was employed there, Woburn is grotesquely understaffed. In the whole abbey there are only two pantry servants, a Swiss chef, a Scots butler, some Italian footmen and twenty dailies who come up from the village. To keep the place going the duke has installed machinery wherever it can be used, and time-saving has become a mania with him. One of his constant annoyances is the slowness of the Woburn lift. It takes three minutes to bring food up from the kitchen, where washing-up machines, mincers and mixers make the place hum like a power station.

On a Saturday morning, before the crowds arrive, the duke scuttles from room to room supervising every detail. Is the stamp machine full? Has the juke box the records on the top-ten list? Are the ball-point pens ready on the correspondence desk for the post-card writers? How many vanloads of ice-cream will be needed now that the weather forecast is fine and sunny? Is the flower stall stocked with those blue things that went so well last Sunday?

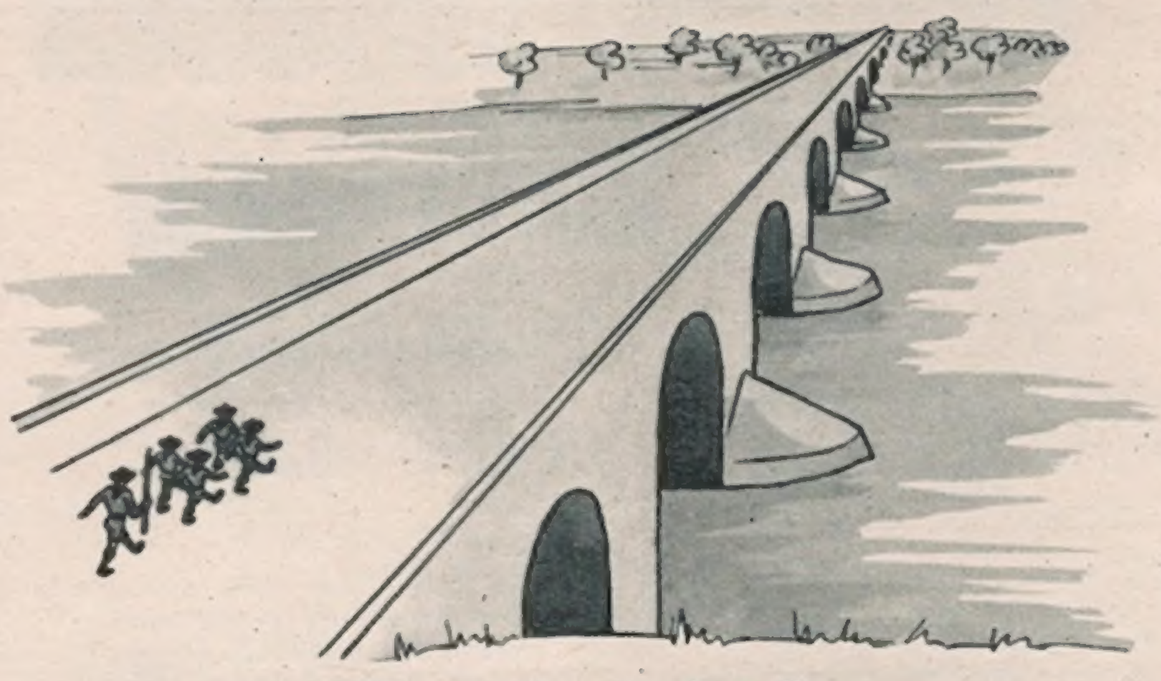
Amid it all, he is always searching for new ideas. His stepdaughter, Lorna Lyle, was asked what she thought of the duke. "He's marvellous," she replied enthusiastically. "The only thing is we're rather frightened of becoming ducal exhibits."

Towards noon the duke goes off to smarten up in his streamlined, indexed dressing-room, where a man can slice seconds off dressing time. In one tall, narrow cupboard are all his socks, sorted on to slanting shelves, so that he can grab the pair he wants without having to waste precious moments rummaging in a pile.

As twelve o'clock strikes, across the biggest private park in Britain the cars begin to move inwards. A few scooters with helmeted youngsters pull ahead; the motor coaches rumble slowly through the gates. The Showman of Woburn calls to his staff, which may include his mother-in-law, his wife and her sister, his three sons, two step-children and half a dozen nieces and nephews.

"Hurry up. The Shop's open. They're coming."

He moves to the door to greet his guests, a wide, uninhibited smile on his face. "He's just beginning to grow up," said the psychiatrist who spent a weekend at a Woburn house party. "He had no childhood, no adolescence, practically no youth. He's living it all now, all the enthusiasms and extravagances. At this rate, he should reach middle-age about 1980." THE END



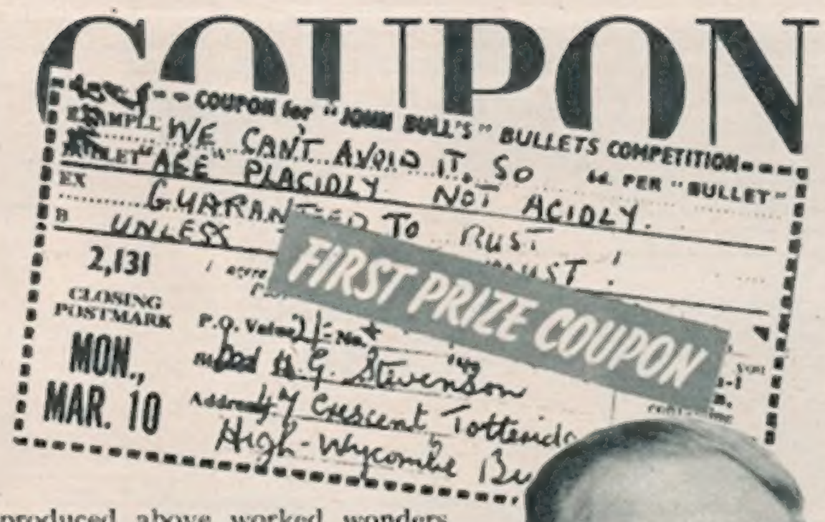
"Bear patrol . . . break step"

DANCING—4

Dance is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff of which it is made.

Ted Shawn

HIS COUPON won wealth and trip to PARIS



THAT coupon partly reproduced above worked wonders for a forty-four year old upholsterer—Mr. H. G. Stevenson (47 The Crescent, Totteridge, High Wycombe). Read for yourself his First Prize Bullet about growing old—it won a big cheque plus Easter in Paris. It's good fun, you'll find, to choose words for *your* coupon waiting below. And *your* words can bring wealth *plus* a glorious coach tour holiday for two in Devon and Cornwall!

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Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Teamwork Does It, So	The Horrible Truth
Mac And Ike	Before Breakfast
Marriage Is Fine, But	With A Merry Heart
Through Russian Eyes	Man In The Pub
Buried Treasure	A Phoney
Remember, Teenagers	Off The Assembly Line
A Lonely Furrow	Costly Toy
Shows He's A Stranger	Learning To Ride
Demon Discontent	Mrs. Nosey Parker
Whitehall Went Mad And	Pressed The Wrong Button

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Tread Softly, Mr.....	All Chromium And.....
In Case It's.....	.....To Stop
Fresh From The.....	With The ..... On

EXAMPLE.....

BULLET

EX.....

B.

EX.....

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£5: Major I. G. Thomas, R.A.S.C., ST Branch, H.Q. Nigerian Military Forces, Apapa, Lagos: **Full Of The Joy Of Spring — Tommy — *Bull's* "On Wing"!**

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1,610 other prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 31), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 17, for early news of No. 2,139 result.)

POST ENTRY

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